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CHIRON RISING

ISSUE 73

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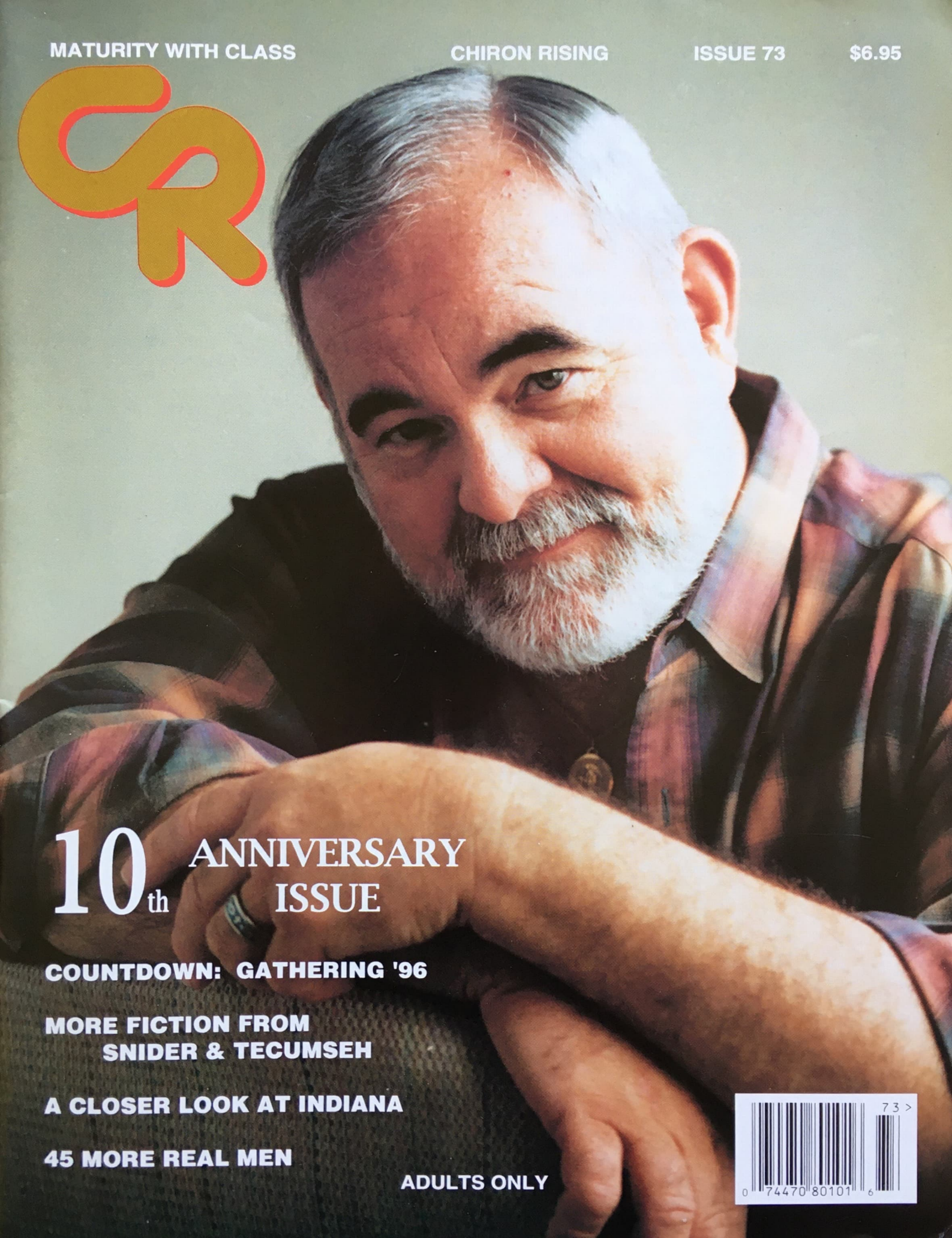

10th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

COUNTDOWN: GATHERING '96

MORE FICTION FROM SNIDER & TECUMSEH

A CLOSER LOOK AT INDIANA

45 MORE REAL MEN

ADULTS ONLY

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CHIRON RISING ® MAGAZINE
ISSUE 73

CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE

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To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Correspondence address is as shown at left.

PROFILES OF OUR MODELS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS

MODELS

FRONT COVER:
FURRY DADDY: 57, 6'-1", 265#, Midwest, in an open relationship with CR model AVIATOR. He likes computers, travel, theatre, classic movies, composing ballads. Looking for pen-pals, new friends. Partial to hairy, husky cubs, 30s-40s.

Page 2: **RON OF NEW MEXICO**: 45, 5'-7", 190#, Ribera, New Mexico, in an open sharing relationship. He loves life, music, men, camping, outdoors, exercise, horses and partying. He and his partner are looking for people, couples or singles who enjoy sharing life, love, togetherness, laughter, travel, and good times.

Page 14: **GOOCH**: 42, 5'-11", 235#, Austin, single. He likes sports, movies, muscle cars/trucks, animals, model railroading, wining and dining, weightlifting. Looking for Mr. Right (40s-60s), top man, who is looking for a monogamous relationship and who wouldn't mind constant loving.

Page 15: **MARCUS**: 48, 6 ft., 195#, New Mexico, single. He likes cooking, high end stereo equipment, etc. Looking for a masculine 45+ male, HIV negative, who is honest and sincere.

Page 16: **HERSHEL**: 57, Brooklyn, in a closed relationship with CR model YANKEL. They like film, theater, books, good food and drink. **OUTSPAN**: 70s, 5'-8", 165#, Queensland, Australia, single. Likes art, music, theatre, swimming, boating, gym, intellectual stimulation. Seeks international friends, 55-75, who are desirous of travel companion or reciprocal hospitality, and hopefully a lifemate willing to share 3-bedroom house in sub-tropical Australia.

Page 17: **DIRTY DUSTY**: 30s, Germany. He's a romantic guy who needs a caring dad or older brother for fun times. He loves cats, music and nature. Speaks English fluently. **FRENCHY**: 62, 6'-2", 200#, New Hampshire, single. He likes the outdoors, music, arts and theater. Looking for young, healthy, athletic, intelligent, pleasant man with a good sense of humor. **BEARPA**: 56, 5'-7", 245#, Belmont, California, single. Likes dancing, travel, meeting new people, dinners, movies, etc. Looking for someone to enjoy life with on a one-on-one, someone who likes cuddling, snuggling, and life.

Page 26: **N.Z. ANTHONY**: 46, 5'-8", 125 kg, Christchurch, New Zealand, single. He likes steam engines and old cars. Would love to hear from men all over. **TRANSPLANT**: 40, 5'-5", 150#, Auckland, New Zealand, in an open relationship. He likes cooking, music, movies, nude beaches, older hairy men. He collects model cars. **NIGEL SMITH**: 68, 5'-9", 82 kg, Auckland, New Zealand. Likes music, aerobics and the beautiful country of New Zealand. Would love to hear from men all over.

Page 27: **ARNIE**: 60, 5'-9", 195#, Rhode Island, in an open relationship. He's a bisexual nudist who likes computers and the internet. Looking for friends, bi or gay, who are fun, fantastic, clean and discreet. Would especially like to meet the older man of his dreams.

Page 28: **FROGGIE**: 58, 5'-10", 255#, Maine, in an open relationship. He likes movies, dining, quiet time at home, travel. Looking for correspondence, possible fling with someone who can make a late-blooming wallflower blossom. **SRJ**: 55, 5'-10", 270#, Salt Lake City, single. He likes reading, cooking, fishing, and videos. He's single and looking for someone young (18-30) and slender. **JACK B**: 58, 6'-2", 300#, Southern California, relationship status not stated. Likes slimmer men younger than himself. **JERSEY JIM**: 65, 5'-11", 180#, New York, single. He likes reading, travel, Broadway shows. Looking for sociable, friendly bottoms, any age, race.

Page 29: **ROB DADEO**: 60s, Los Angeles, in an open relationship. He's none other than the star of the Swan video "Quadraplex." Loves Palm Springs and good times. **CHAMPAGNE DICK**: 60ish, 5'-10", 225#, South Florida, single. He likes music, reading, cooking, skinny dipping and cheap champagne. Looking for considerate, affectionate man over 50 who likes skinny dipping and cheap champagne.

Page 30: **HAMHOCK** & **KIM**: Late 50s/early 40s, almost identical at 5'-6 or 7, 240ish, Huntington Beach. A great pair of guys who love to entertain and meet new friends.

Page 31: **GERMEX**: 50, 5'-8", 200#, Southern California. He's looking for stocky, mature gentlemen with good personalities. Body hair a plus but not necessary. One of the best party hosts in Southern California.

Page 32: **JIMMY'S BOY**: 34, 5'-11", 155#, Arkansas, single. He likes working out, long walks, cooking, music, hugs, kisses, cuddling, and quiet evenings. Looking for very masculine, physically fit, humorous, hairy guy, well-built to stocky, who's a nonsmoker and non-drinker, 45-65, for a one-on-one relationship.

Page 33: **DIXIE DICK**: 63, 6'-3", 200#, Georgia, in an open relationship. This retired university professor likes traveling, gardening, camping, theatre, volunteer work, water skiing, swimming, nudism. Looking for GWM, 35-50, no smoking/drugs/excessive drinking, healthy, responsible, not overweight, for companionship and safe fun.

Page 40: **BOB I & II**: 62/58, 5'-10"/5'-10", 280#/225#. They like traveling, warm climates, working out, and lots of friends. Looking for 50+, hairy, chubby bears to corre-

spond with. **ARIZONA BARES**: 65/43, 5'-10"/5'-11", 180#/295#, Phoenix, in a closed relationship. They like nudism, travel, movies, ethnic foods, classic cars/motorcycles/airplanes, music, theatre and outdoors. Looking for CR readers world-wide for correspondence, photo exchange, and possible visits with couples/singles of like interests.

Page 44: **TRAVEL'N PARSON**: 63, 6'-1", 190#, Northern Illinois, single. He likes outdoors, hiking, camping, bicycling, variety, travel (domestic and foreign), people. Looking for someone open-minded, caring, and adventuresome. **MARINO**: 60, 5'-6", 170#, Central Florida, in a closed relationship. Likes computers, home life, bicycling. He's in a 29-year relationship and is seeking friends only. **WAM**: 63, 5'-10", 180#, Michigan, single. He likes art, theater, music, travel. **ROB S**: 26, 5'-5", 120#, Columbus, Ohio, in a closed relationship. He'd like to start a collection of movies featuring senior males. All correspondence will be answered, but he is not looking for a relationship.

Page 45: **HAPPY PAPPY**: 67, Northern California. He's masculine, sincere and very passionate. Looking for mature men, 50-70, who are on the chubby side and who are very loving and caring. **SAILOR'S MATE**: 60, 5'-5", 155#, British Columbia, in a long-distance open relationship. Looking for marrieds, singles, etc., for pen friends, meetings, sexually versatile. Interests in psychology, the arts, riding, animals. **TAUREAN JOCK**: 40, 5'-8", 138#, Florida, single. He likes TENNIS, being close, touching, soft music, traveling, salt & pepper or gray hair, friendship, and honesty. Looking for masculine, mature, in-shape male who's active inside or outside. Prefers 50-plus, stocky build. **BIG BRICK**: 64, 6'-1", 220#, London, single. Likes men over 50, similar build, and is available to come in to London to have a lager at one of his favorite pubs.

Page 46: **PETER PATROCLUS**: 72, 5'-6", 250#, East-central Ohio, single. He likes travel, gardening, being out of doors, elderhostels. Looking for gentle, loving guys, any age/race/endowments. He's modestly hung but quite potent and very giving. **BULL BUCK**: 60, 5'-8", Northwest, in an open relationship. He's looking for that special guy for perhaps a permanent situation. He's an outdoorsman and hoping for a bottom who loves life and is around his age and height. **THE COLONEL**: Senior, Mississippi, in a relationship with CR model and photographer TOMCAT. No one's had his photo in CR more times that this beloved CR elder, but people keep right on asking for more. Look at that smile. Don't you feel weak in the groin?

Page 47: **TEXAS ED**: 51, 6 ft., 220#, Austin, single. Likes good times, camping, motorcycle runs. Looking for friends for fun, young in spirit, slender build a plus. Must have a good sense of humor. **J.R. OF TEXAS**: 58, 6 ft., 220#, Texas, single. He likes partying, camping, good times, and travel. Looking for friends, fun and good humor. **R.B. REAL** and **MOUNTAIN MAN** haven't been heard from in a while, but you may write to them in care of the photographer, JOEL.

BACK COVER:

RANGER AL: 60s, San Francisco, in a relationship with CR model BEARCUB. This hot little Daddy is almost as cuddly as the little Dachshund he's holding and just as playful.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

MICHAEL DEVEAU is a realtor who lives in Palm Springs. He's really coming into his own in the area of photography and will be snapping away at the San Diego Gathering. See his display ad in this issue.

JOEL lives in Austin with his lifemate, CR supermodel, THOM. They enjoy a loving, open relationship. JOEL is also a Hall of Famer and will be a staff photographer in San Diego.

MACRO lives in Utah with his fiftysomething burly bear. They enjoy a loving open relationship. Because of his phenomenal contributions to CR, he will be inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the '96 Convention.

MANNY has been with us for years, but we had no idea that he was such a fine photographer. Now that we know, we're going to hound him relentlessly. He lives alone on the East Coast.

MR. RUPERT (aka STEVE S.) lives in the Bay Area with his partner in an open relationship. He says he likes older men, quiet evenings, and cuddling. His photos have been seen quite a bit in CR. Many times the photo credit was listed merely as "Steve" so we didn't realize we had a great photographer until recently

ARTISTS

KEMUSH, 60s, burly, Los Angeles, in an open relationship. Welcome back, KEMUSH! This utterly delightful artist is one of the nicest, funniest human beings on the planet. His artistic talents are immense. He loves to paint and draw men of color, Bigmen, mythological creatures, and any other subject that will make his fans gasp in appreciation. He's also an art collector whose house is a virtual art museum. He will participate in the art exhibit at the Gathering in San Diego, along with DICK COLLINS, AARON, OSAMU, and WALTER MITTY.

QUETZAL, 42, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with model PLOVER in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

RAM is a prominent portrait and landscape artist who lives in Illinois and Florida with his mate, Bob. He spends most of his time in horticulture and painting. RAM's brilliant erotic works are prominently featured in SWAN's video, "THE GALLERY."

FORUM

MOVING ON

A SEASON OF LOSS in CR 72's FORUM generated more mail than any article we've ever published. It's shocking to know just how many of our readers are living with grief. Some have navigated the stages of bereavement for many years; others prepare themselves while caring for a terminally ill mate. Most of the letters are positive testimonials from men who are surviving and making the necessary adjustments. A few are still quite lost. Almost all, however, acknowledge that joining the CR family is probably the wisest thing to do. PHC

I'm sure there are people who like the young, hung pretty boy type, but give me a mature man with a not-so-perfect body and a big heart (in lieu of a big dick) anytime. If I could only find someone to take my photo, I'd love to appear in CR. Not that I'm that good looking—I consider myself average at best—but I could certainly bring a lot of joy into a mature man's life. Know any photographers in my area? Although the photos are probably my favorite part, I do read every issue from cover to cover and find some of your articles very touching and heartwarming. Since I lost my lover of 15 years two years ago due to a heart attack, I've been through all the emotions that go with it: depression, loneliness and, yes, the thoughts of suicide. Even though I'm still alone and depressed, the articles and letters by people who have experienced the same kind of love and loss have helped me. Someday maybe I'll be able to find someone to share my life with. (I keep searching your personals, but I can't relocate and there aren't too many from this area.) Thanks for being there for me, and long live CR! SUBURBAN YORK/S.E. PA

Does some kind soul with a camera and a steady hand want to meet and take some photos of a nice young man not far from York and Harrisburg? Write him c/o CR. PHC

After reading A SEASON OF LOSS, I would like to address both the NORTH BAY JIM and the SIERRA FRANK letters as well as all of your readers who write about personal grief upon the loss of a long-time partner. I have "been there, done that." I am sure you will recall a letter I sent you which was published in CR #46 and titled STARTING FROM SCRATCH. I was devastated when after 30 years together, he suddenly died, leaving me with terrible grief. I thought that the grieving process would last for a while and put a date in my mind of just how long this process should take. I was beside myself when that date came and went after one year and here I was still in the throes of despair. You stated: "Most of us will someday know ultimate grief or become the source of it. You must now reach out and not be discouraged." You suggested that I take the plunge and place a simple ad for friendship. Heeding your advice, I did just that and discovered several valuable ideas that came to me in that process. When a partnership begins, each one in the relationship begins as an individual entity. Over the many years, not only do you begin to think alike, but many times ideas are exchanged without moving one's lips. The individual entities slowly become amalgamated into one and many times include personalities as well. In my relationship it happened just like SIERRA FRANK says, "We didn't make friends, and now I'm paying the price." When at your suggestion I did place an ad in a little local magazine, I quickly found that I wasn't really me any longer but a fusion of two identities and personalities. I had to literally "re-invent" me as a single but now more mature individual. Thanks to your personal suggestion ("Make your ad clever enough to stand out from all others, and don't tell too much about yourself. State what you're looking for clearly."), it really worked. After over 100 responses to that one ad, I not only found a friend, but as you know a very handsome and caring new partner. We have been together since 1992 and although the relationship is very different, as it should be, it has been refreshingly wonderful. There are many times I almost pinch myself because it is almost as if my first partner hand-selected this individual. While I lived in the proverbial closet with my first lover, this second partner has dragged me out of that closet, screaming and kicking at times, but I would not have it any other way now. As he has stated in the beginning of our relationship, "Your previous partner of thirty years will always be a part of your life. If our relationship is to work, then you should know that there will always be the three of us, not just you and I." In the beginning, my first lover occupied many of my thoughts; although he will never be forgotten, the emotional anxiety diminishes with time. The time period of grieving is naturally different for each individual; although in the beginning it is impossible to imagine life continuing without your lifemate, it does eventually lessen with time. Suicide is not the answer, TIME IS! R.R./Michigan (now Florida)

CHANGES

I want to take this opportunity to sincerely thank you for being instrumental in causing a tremendous change for the better in my life. I subscribed to the magazine perhaps five or so years ago and found that it did not suit my purposes, and so I let the subscription expire. An interesting side point is that you wrote me and said that if I was in a financially bad situation, you would issue me a gift subscription. I am sorry to say that I never answered you concerning your offer, but as much as I appre-

ciated what you offered, I didn't feel that the magazine had any significance in my life. A 27-year relationship ended due to my partner's alcoholic problems, and through lengthy and expensive legal maneuvers we finally went our own ways. I moved to the city and did everything that they say a person should do to start over in another town. I joined the university gym, I attended a gay-friendly church, I took courses at the university, I volunteered at The Aids Project and the local hospital, and I even patronized the local youth-oriented bars. All this was in vain, however, and I began to get depressed. There is a gay therapist who has group therapy sessions for gay-oriented problems and so I joined about a year ago. I didn't have much confidence in the program, especially when they encouraged me to come out to my two straight brothers and their families. I took their advice and found that my brothers' general attitude was, "So who cares? We've known all along, and we love you." That was a big relief, but I was still faced with the problem of *what am I going to do with the rest of my life.* A very dear old friend called one day and told me he'd registered me for a CR Convention in Orlando and that he and his lover wanted me to join them there. I really balked at the idea, and then I decided I didn't have anything to lose. I wasn't getting anyplace the way I was going. Well, I went to Orlando and the rest is history. I'm in my 60s and, euphemistically speaking, stocky. I look younger than my age, and for the first time in my life, I was told that I was neither old enough nor heavy enough. This really blew my mind. I couldn't believe that anyone would be interested in me in my so-called condition. I had a fabulous time and met a lot of new friends and had many pleasant experiences. The convention really changed my whole life. It, along with my group therapy, were factors that make my life worthwhile and worth living. I couldn't believe that it was happening to me, and I could never thank you all enough. I thought that if this convention was so great, I'd better attend more. I didn't want to wait until San Diego, so I attended some Girth & Mirth and Prime Timer conventions. With each convention my self-esteem improved, and I found that I didn't need alcohol to have fun. With the improvement in self-esteem came an improvement in self-confidence. I immediately subscribed to CR again and was able to see what it was all about. Instead of being a so-called "dirty" magazine, it was instead a primer or an outlet for so many men like myself. Here finally was a medium that addressed the problems of older men and the ones who are interested in older men. It was almost like coming home, like coming to a warm and secure home. Some friends took pictures of me and sent them in for publication. I didn't think for a moment that they would be used, but fortunately for me, they were. Again my life took off on a new and very exciting tangent! People from all over the country and from different backgrounds were writing me and expressing interest in getting together to get better acquainted, etc. This was very flattering to say the least, but it is also a tremendous obligation and responsibility. I sincerely believe that if a person likes your looks and takes the time to write you, you must answer the letter, whether you are interested or not. It is up to the individual as to how he handles the different correspondents, but remembering where I was a year ago, I made sure that everybody got an answer—and a fair and honest one at that. Fortunately I had only ten to answer. I say fortunately because I am now in constant contact with the ten, and I have no idea of how I would handle many more. Needless to say, I am sure that I could work out a solution. So basically what I'm saying is that I don't know how to thank you all or express enough gratitude to you. I know (and this is verified by my therapist) that I have changed tremendously and, according to him, for the better. I have lost some weight, gained self-esteem and self-confidence, and I've never been happier in my life. I have made many new friends around the country whom I value most highly. But obviously CR and the conventions are responsible for the complete metamorphosis from a very sad and unhappy, unwanted old men to a very happy, self-confident senior. Thanks ever so much. J.W./Maine

I just want to thank you for being there. By sheer luck I discovered a copy of CR eight months ago, and it helped me through a rough time. About nine months ago, my 72-year-old roommate died. I cared for this man, and I guess I loved him, although he was not gay. I was so very naive and trusted him completely, but the story he told was far from true. I should have seen, but my eyes were blinded by my tender heart. As you might have guessed, I was thoroughly used by this man. He wiped out my savings and left me in severe credit card debt. Apparently he had a severe gambling addiction that controlled his life and ruined mine. I should have seen something in the four years we lived together, but I didn't ... and that's that. After he died, I found a copy of CR, and the models, stories and love I got out of that copy helped me get through the worst. After I saved up a little (selling cookies and cakes at work), I ordered some back issues and soon, except for the credit card debt, I all but forgot "what's-his-name." I think I'm to the point now where I don't feel guilty spending money on something besides bills, so I decided to go ahead and subscribe and even place an ad to hopefully find me a true lover. Or perhaps I can make a penpal or two. I joined Prime Timers and attended their convention in Dallas (although the guilt over money really got me). I wish I could attend one of CR's gatherings. If I still had my savings, I would have been in Orlando and would be going to San Diego, but .... When I get out of this debt in six to seven years, I'll be at the next scheduled event. In the meantime, I have your magazine, and if I start writing your models and writers I'll keep my spirits up. R.S./Texas

REAL-TO-LIFE

I recently discovered your magazine. I am 31 and this is the first real-to-life magazine for men I've ever seen. I purchased #71 and, on reading IN CLOSING, was devastated and in tears. Yes, there are men walking the tightrope of life in the midst of losing their spirits. I can identify with their feelings, whether old or young. The article is great, and the magazine is magnificent. This is just what I've been looking for all my life! D.H./Buffalo

ELF RETURNING TO CR?

Now is the happy time of the year: renewal time for CR. Thoroughly enjoyed CR Classics #7, especially "The Gowned Masque" by ROBIN GOODFELLOW and "The Coach and the Marine," by ALEXANDRITE. CR and CRC get better and better. Haven't seen any stories or artwork by ELF. Hope he's okay. Love his work. ENTHUSIAST/Chicago

We love ELF's work too. Talked to him a few weeks back, and he promised to submit some material soon. PHC

NO MORE MR. SHY GUY

Your CR's a rousing good rag,
"The best of the breed," said one wag.
Lest subscription expire
And leave my straights dire,
My check's here enclosed for your mag.

Thanks for the encouragement. While shy, however, I did enjoy the Orlando Gathering. I promise that in San Diego I'll hug and pat both your butts—or is that pat and hug both your butts? Either way, expect a bald, bearded gnome from Texas to accost you. PAPERMATE

Woof! PHC

SIMPLE KINDNESS

Just wanted to thank you for the gift subscription. I'm sending a thank-you note to donor Z-278 so you can forward it to this kind person. The reason I can't afford to subscribe is because I don't get much pension. After I pay my rent and buy groceries, I don't have much left over. I'm a veteran in a wheelchair. Yes, I'm gay. I've been gay since the day I was born, and I'll be gay until the day I die. I had a companion for 14 years, but then I got sick and had brain surgery. After that, I was confined to a wheelchair and my partner took off. Again, thank you. B.A./Denver

GATHERING '96

I continue to be amazed at how much CR offers these conventions for such a low registration fee. In my professional career I have paid as much as 4-5 times more and got nowhere near taken care of as well. I appreciate all that you guys have done. R.S./Atlanta

Haven't heard any flak over '96 registration fees. Do you really think people have wised up? I was perusing your tentative schedule and started adding things up if I did something comparable on my own. Let's see: If I take a friend out for dinner and a concert, followed by dancing, what would I be set back? Wait a minute. Throw in a recital, a profound therapy session and an art exhibit during the day. Now how much? Two hundred bucks? Two fifty? Now multiply that times THREE. And how much would I be willing to pay extra to enjoy all this in the midst of another thousand or so men just like me? Hello? How sad that so many people have no concept of value. A.H./San Francisco

During the Las Vegas Gathering you sold T-shirts and hats, but I didn't see any in Orlando. Seems to me that you're really missing out on a great opportunity by not selling merchandise with the CR logo. I for one would love to purchase a cap and T-shirt. D.S./Texas

Since we weren't able to sign up any vendors for the Tiki Hut, we decided to create our own little boutique. CRPI will be selling the "Orlando '95" video, the book Quincunx, caps and T-shirts. Other C-Risers will be selling hand-made jewelry, music tapes, CDs, books, artwork, greeting cards, and God knows what. And just wait until you see the hot cashiers!

A couple of my friends here in San Diego have boasted that they should have an easy time crashing the convention this May. My response to them was that they will be infringing upon preparations I paid for, thereby showing me flagrant disrespect. Amazingly, my anger went right over their heads. What can you do to stop these freeloaders? (Initials Withheld)/San Diego

If there were no crashers, we wouldn't have to triple our security budget over last year's, and our registration fees would be much lower. Those planning to sneak in should reconsider and save themselves the embarrassment of being coolly evicted. We also urge all our registrants to snub anyone not wearing a badge and point them out to a staff member. Why should you give the time of day to someone who leeches off your hard-earned money? If you know of someone with financial constraints, inform him that we have a few donated full registrations and day passes. Tell them to write us and formally request a donated registration. PHC

RAMOS

I just finished reading the IN CLOSING in CR #71, wherein you discussed the idea of a RAMOS organization aimed primarily at those of us who live in rural, relatively isolated areas and for whom the advice to "come out" is not really an alternative. I am tremendously impressed that CR brings up these types of issues when most organizations and publications do not even recognize that they exist. You asked that readers interested in seeing a mini-gathering in their locality write you so that you could assess the degree of interest in the project. About 2-1/2 years ago I lost my lover of 16 years to a sudden heart attack. Since that time, I have been surviving but terribly lonely. I would be highly interested in seeing a mini-gathering close to home. I live about halfway between St. Louis and Louisville in an area as rural as "Hee-Haw," and because of my job I must exercise a great deal of discretion. So a meeting handled the way you described would be ideal for me. The idea of collecting a fee at the door to help defray expenses instead of having membership and advanced registration seems to me to be a way to reach people who are reluctant to risk possible exposure. The most important consideration, I think, is that unless something of the scope you described is undertaken, there will be hundreds (possibly thousands) of men in the heartland who may never find "compassionate, sound answers" to their loneliness. SALUKI

See later in this issue about our first event in Indianapolis. We have

discussed the concept of collecting fees at the door and avoiding advance purchased tickets, but we're now convinced it will not work. In order to pull these mini-gatherings off, we must contract with a hotel for X amount of attendees. If we underestimate attendance, we won't be able to let everyone in (most hotels will only allow a 5-10% overage); if we overestimate attendance, we'll be left with a huge bill and leftover food. Advanced sales will be required, and attendees will just have to trust us to keep their data in the strictest of confidence—something we've been able to do quite well for ten years. PHC

THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

As a recent subscriber to CR, I want to echo the sentiments of so many who have written to commend you for your outstanding magazine. It is so much more than just a magazine, however! In a sense it provides a "bonding" among all those who have written articles, sent in photos, placed announcements/ads, and, very importantly, to all the readers. When you read it you realize the existence of thousands of other men who are also reading it with the same feelings, desires, and apprehensions as you. I admire those who continue to send in their photographs (if only the rest of us had the nerve!). For those of us who have not "come out" and probably don't plan to, it can be a bit frustrating! I'm a Midwest professional, a widower for a number of years. I'm in my mid-60s and have the appearance of being in my mid-50s: good-looking, good body, good mind, and a very good sense of being. To be able to communicate with the hundreds/thousands of other men in the same position I am in would be glorious. Unfortunately, there are so many of us who are still reluctant and afraid to be open, honest and compassionate. Your magazine, however, provides us with the fact that thousands of men (single, married, divorced, widowered) have the same wonderful human qualities and emotions which are unequalled with regard to sincerity. Keep up the good work! STILL OUT THERE

CR has never attempted to urge our readers to "come out." We are well aware that doing so is not an option for a huge segment of our population. We do, however, urge our readers to get a breath of fresh air once in awhile and to mosey on out on occasions when the coast is clear. A case in point: Until a few years ago a well-known retired evangelist would drive up every three months to claim his latest issues. Although he paid with personal checks with his real name and address imprinted thereon, he trusted us to use the name "Brother Doe" in our data base. If you're over 40, unmarried and don't chase women, then surprise! Everyone already knows you like men. If you're married or live with a woman, relax! You can do all sorts of things before anyone catches on. I asked one of our early supermodels, a married man with a very sensitive job, why he wasn't afraid of being recognized in spite of his sunglasses. He said, "I never divulge my real name on this side of the fence, and no one at work would believe in a minute that it was me. Besides, why worry about something happening if the chances of its doing so are a million to one?" PHC

AND THIS FROM THE SMART END OF THE ROPE

My life has improved a lot since I no longer bother with your magazine. J.D./ Philadelphia

Enclosed with the above jewel were three letters to be forwarded! PHC

COLO-RECTAL CANCER

In some of the past issues of CR there have been letters from several people with physical or health problems of one kind or another who have offered advice and support to those who were similarly afflicted. Among your readers, there may be some who I can help. Eight years ago, when I was just passing 60, I was diagnosed with colo-rectal cancer, a disease that is not uncommon among older gay men. A team of four physicians treated me: my internist, two oncologists, and a radiologist. After an initial biopsy I was told by one oncologist that my life expectancy was two years, but with surgery and a colostomy perhaps a little longer. My well-ordered world fell apart. I asked about a support group for men with my problem but was told there was none. Breast cancer, yes; colo-rectal, no. Fortunately, since I was teaching in medical school, I could read on the subject. I located some recent research papers and took them to the second oncologist, a young man who inquired about my sexual orientation. He called McGill University, talked with the authors of the paper and asked me if I would go along with a totally new treatment. At that point I was willing to try anything if there was a good chance of saving my life. As a result, I am here today and in excellent health. There was no one for me to talk to while I was under treatment, and I never knew what to expect. At one point I was certain that I was going to die. I kept a daily journal of what was happening to me during the course of the surgery, chemotherapy and the radiation sessions, as well as how I felt during those four awful months. If there is anyone out there with colo-rectal cancer who would like to talk with me or would like a copy of my journal, I will be pleased to share my experience with them. I know that support of any kind would have been a tremendous benefit to me and probably could have saved me a lot of suffering. CR has helped so many of us; I hope that perhaps I too can help someone through CR. ROOSTER II

CRPI

The rumor mill is all abuzz about CR lately. The negative rhetoric I've learned to disregard as queen trash, but the authentic-sounding stuff is interesting. I know one of the holders of CRPI stock, and he's being very tight-lipped. All he'll say is that you fellows will have lots to talk about at your stockholders' meeting in San Diego. I wish now that I'd purchased stock. Anything you can divulge about plans for the future? A FRIEND IN L.A.

We incorporated the first of this

year as Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. We are a Wyoming "S" corporation and have 27 stockholders. When the initial word got out that we were forming a corporation, we were approached by over 100 readers who each wanted to buy at least $1,000 worth of stock. When the day finally came to put up the money, over 50 responded, which meant that we had to turn down some very nice people and an unbelievable amount of capital. Giving precedence to Hall of Famers and VIPs who have the most business savvy to give a small corporation like us, we made our selections and closed the offer. We regret that we had to turn down anyone, but "S" corporations are limited by law. Our stockholders come in all sizes, generations, colors, political persuasions and sexual proclivities—just like our readers and contributors. PHC

THE LITTLE VIDEO THAT COULD

I understand that your video "ORLANDO '95" was cancelled. I really wanted to buy this video (I was at the Orlando convention and really enjoyed the entertainment), but I was waiting to read a review. What's the status? G.V./ Ft. Lauderdale

A responsible corporation with bottom line priorities would never struggle for nine months and spend $3,000 on a nonsexual video purchased by only 20 customers. Crazy, huh? Not if you believe in it. The price was first reduced from $29.95 to $19.95. As "Orlando '95" languished in the mire of contractual disputes and outrageous editing delays, we saw fit to reduce it again to $10.95 for future buyers and $0 for those 20 original buyers who waited so long. As of this printing, the diehard 20 have all received their free copies and are giving the video raves. We'll therefore sell it at the Gathering in San Diego. PHC

ORLANDO '95

You've read about it and heard people talking about it. Now, experience it for yourself: "Orlando '95" - the video. Featuring 90 minutes of prime entertainment produced and directed by CR's own MARSHAL.

$10.95 plus s & h

ABOVE PHOTOS BY MACRO

See ordering instructions on page 56.

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT ORLANDO '95

"It was well worth the wait! The entertainers are phenomenal and MARSHAL is a genius. I'm in love with that silver-haired, golden-throated crooner, Paul C. He's as good or better than any singing act I've ever seen in Las Vegas." R.O./ Las Vegas

"My first reaction after I'd seen 'Orlando '95' was to kick myself for not going to the Orlando convention. I had no idea that you guys could put on such a production. It really blew my mind to see such high quality rap, country, pop and opera performances on one program." D.E./ Jacksonville

"The performances are awesome. MARSHAL has that golden touch and should be directing television shows. The solemn intro by Pat and Bruce was funny enough, but when I saw the self-effacing outtakes at the end, I howled. Now THAT's funny!" XYLOPHANG

"Where on earth did you find JAY and U.K. COWBOY and that SONSHINE? What a dazzling show of talent. All the performers are superb. The outtakes are a scream." E.B./San Francisco

"An operatic bass killing me softly with a moving 'Danny Boy'; a rap singer/dancer doing exceptional routines in praise of older men; an Englishman doing soulful country and western; a senior just a couple of weeks out of open-heart surgery doing an outstanding Carol Channing; a piano wizard doing some of the most technically difficult rags imaginable; and a couple of pioneers willing to make fun of themselves to end a video with a big laugh. This and much, much more. NOW THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT! EXOCET

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SPECIAL GATHERING RATES

Since it appears that the Gathering '96 dinner show/banquet functions will probably sell out, and due to popular request, we have decided to sell advance registration packages that include all **but** the dinner shows and awards banquet. We'll also sell day passes to all but the dinner shows and awards banquet on a per day basis. See page 53 for details.

FIRST REGIONAL EVENT SLATED FOR INDIANAPOLIS IN AUGUST

The RAMOS Mini-Gathering is now being called the CR REGIONAL ASSEMBLY. The name RAMOS has been abandoned, and the events will not be called mini-gatherings. We've chosen Indianapolis as the site for our first ever Regional Assembly and have tentatively scheduled the event for August 17, 1996. Until 5/30/96, advance registration will cost $35.00 per person and will include a Saturday evening reception, a goumet banquet with speakers, and a hospitality social. We hope to leave in our wake an organized means for locals to form loose groupings and to stay in touch with each other for the benefit of all. For those men wishing to stay the night or weekend in the hotel, or for those who wish to return on Sunday morning, a hospitality suite will be maintained in one of the rooms. Details will be available by mail only for those who request same in writing. For the protection and peace of mind of those who must keep a low profile, the location of the hotel and other details will not be published in CR, nor will the event be publicized locally. For those of you who are determined to go and don't want to risk a rapid sell-out (attendance will be limited), send your registration of $35 as soon as possible. Registration fees are fully refundable up to July 17, 1996, but the $35 is only good through the end of May, whereupon it goes up to $50.

SONSHINE ARRIVES

We proudly announce the hiring of Allan Lucas as CRPI's new manager of communications/technical services. Allan relocated to the Victorville area in March from New Hampshire and has already shown tremendous promise by "hitting the ground running." His partner, CR model ARTIST'S FANTASY, will be joining him later this year. Allan is also known as SONSHINE, CR model and superb Gathering entertainer.

MODEL NAME SNAFU

In CR #72 we featured on page 27 a model we erroneously called "BIFF." Actually the name should have read "BRAD." We were able to re-route most of the fan mail okay, but in the meantime, "BRAD" has advised that he is with partner. Please disregard the photo...except for private admiration, of course. We remind our models that once we have obtained the publications rights to your photo, it is encumbent upon you to advise any change in personal status. Some second and third photos of a popular model can publish over a year after release.

REGISTRATION CONFIRMATIONS

If you paid your fee but have not received your four-digit confirmation number on a signed copy of your registration form, please send another completed and signed form so that we can give you a confirmation. Your badge will not be made up unless you have been assigned a confirmation number.

NEW CR CAPS AND T-SHIRTS

We'll be selling them at the Gathering, but you can save a bundle by purchasing them in advance for pickup in San Diego. See page 12 for details.

PASSINGS

We have been advised that CR model MAL, shown on page 30 of CR #72, passed away around the first of the year. Unfortunately we weren't told until almost eight weeks later, and several letters were forwarded to his address. One of MAL's friends admonished us for publishing a postmortem photo, but he had no comment when asked why he'd not notified us. It should be obvious to all our readers that quick notification of a death is imperative.

DO YOU WANT A ROOMMATE FOR GATHERING '96?

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!

Legibly print your name, address and telephone number on an 8-1/2 X 11 sheet of paper. Under that, state your preference for smoker or nonsmoker, and the best time to call you. We will assign you a roommate, sending you his printed sheet and sending him yours. You call each other up and make arrangements for the room on your own.

DO NOT INCLUDE AGE, WEIGHT, RACE OR ANY OTHER REQUIREMENT. WE CAN ACCOMMODATE SMOKER STATUS PAIRINGS ONLY.

COUNTDOWN TO GATHERING '96 IN SAN DIEGO

HERE'S THE LATEST AS OF MARCH 1, 1996:

THE EVENTS

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1996

1:00 PM - 4:00 PM - REGISTRATION: MISSION FOYER

1:00 PM - 4:00 PM - TICKET SALES: SANTA FE ROOM (CR OFFICE)

5:30 PM - 7:00 PM - RECEPTION/ NO-HOST COCKTAIL PARTY: MISSION PATIO AND FOYER

7:00 PM - 9:30 PM - DINNER SHOW: MISSION BALLROOM

10:00 PM - MIDNIGHT -

LE PAVILLON LOUNGE: KARAOKE AND DANCING

LE SOMMET ROOM: A PLACE TO TALK

LE PAVILLON ROOM: CABARET

WEST TOWER POOL: POOLSIDE HOSPITALITY

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1996

10:00 AM - 12:00 N - COFFEE BREAK AREA: DEVONSHIRE ROOM AND PATIO

10:00 AM - 12:00 N - RECITALS: SUNRISE ROOM (ARTISTS TBA)

10:00 AM - 12:00 N - ART EXHIBIT: SUNSET ROOM

10:00 AM - 11:00 AM - WORKSHOP: ESQUIRE ROOM (SPEAKER TBA)

11:00 AM - 12:00 N - WORKSHOP: TOWNE ROOM (SPEAKER TBA)

2:00 PM - 4:00 PM - COFFEE BREAK: DEVONSHIRE ROOM AND PATIO

2:00 PM - 4:00 PM - RECITALS: SUNRISE ROOM

2:00 PM - 4:00 PM - ART EXHIBIT: SUNSET ROOM

2:00 PM - 3:00 PM - WORKSHOP: ESQUIRE ROOM (SPEAKER TBA)

3:00 PM - 4:00 PM - WORKSHOP: TOWNE ROOM (SPEAKER TBA)

5:30 PM - 7:00 PM - NO-HOST COCKTAIL PARTY: MISSION PATIO AND FOYER

7:00 PM - 9:30 PM - DINNER SHOW: MISSION BALLROOM

10:00 PM - MIDNIGHT - SAME AS FRIDAY NIGHT

SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1996

10:00 AM - 12:00 N - SAME AS SATURDAY MORNING

2:00 PM - 4:00 PM - SAME AS SATURDAY AFTERNOON

5:30 PM - 7:00 PM - COCKTAIL PARTY: MISSION PATIO AND FOYER

7:00 PM - 9:30 PM - HALL OF FAME AWARDS BANQUET: MISSION BALLROOM

10:00 PM - MINIGHT - SAME AS FRIDAY NIGHT

MONDAY, MAY 27, 1996

9:00 AM - 10:30 AM - CONTINENTAL BUFFET BREAKFAST: MISSION BALLROOM

THE WORKSHOPS

"LONG-TERM MEDICATION AND THE OLDER MAN"

"ARGUING: FIGHTING WITHOUT LEAVING SCARS"

"DISABILITY, DYSFUNCTION, AND SEXUALITY"

"LOSS AND GRIEF"

With speakers SANFORD SMITH, PARSON BROWN, PAUL CULTON, PAPA BEAR, ROBIN GOODFELLOW, STRETCH II (so far). Real names will be used at the Gathering.

THE ENTERTAINERS

MARSHAL, SONSHINE, U.K. COWBOY, JACOB, PLOVER, SEAN O'NEILL, SMILEY, KOOKABURRA, FURRY DADDY, OVER-EASY, and many other top entertainers whose names we're not allowed to publish.

THE ARTISTS

KEMUSH, AARON, DICK COLLINS, SAM II, and WALTER MITTY

THE DINNERS

For the benefit of our elders, there will be no dinner buffets with long lines. All evening meal functions will be sit-down dinners, and entrees will range from Breast of Chicken Edward to Steak Diane. Kosher and vegetarian meals will be available, provided arrangements are made in advance with staff. Our elder brothers and those needing more time to get situated will be seated first.

THE ATTENDANCE

As of March 1, 1996, 803 registrations had been received. The maximum number for the dinners will be 1,100. There is no maximum for all the other functions, including the cocktail parties.

WANT TO SAVE MONEY ON SOME GREAT CR T-SHIRTS AND CAPS FOR THE GATHERING?

Buy now, avoid shipping and handling costs, and have your cap and T-shirt waiting for you upon arrival. Plus, we'll even pay the sales tax! Save a total of $12 if you purchase both cap and shirt! All orders must be postdated 4/19/96 or sooner. See order form in back for ordering instructions.

CAP

Mesh-back, poly cap in gold with red and blue CR logo - $8.00

SHIRT

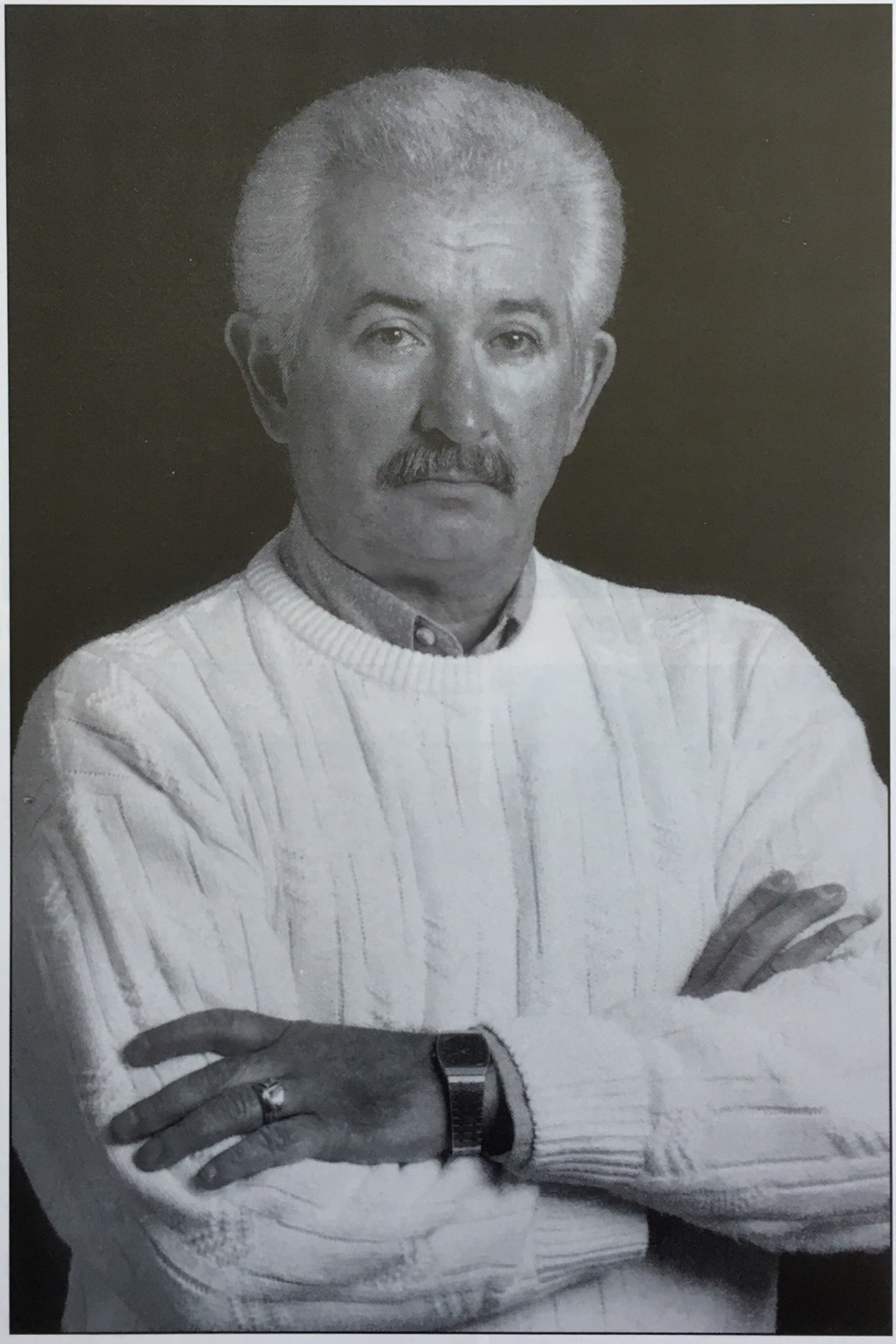
Heavyweight 50-50 in white with pocket and red & gold CR logo - $17.00 (L, XL, XXL, XXXL)

Note: merchandise will be available for pickup in the Tiki Hut on Friday, 5/24/96.

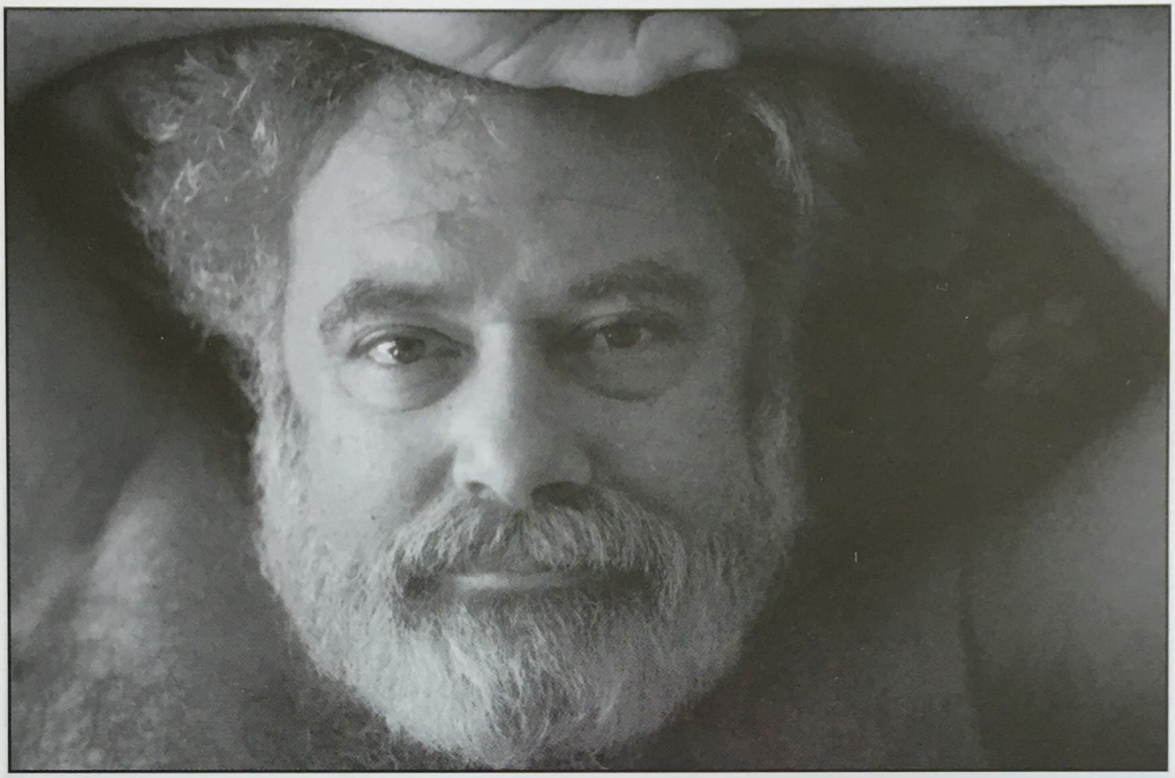
With this posture, Zeus, the king of gods, gives new meaning to the term "starburst." Hovered over by his fiercely loyal eagle, he embodies the constant flow of engeries, creation and inexhaustible life generated b y his lusty loins.

GOOCH

MARCUS



HERSHEL



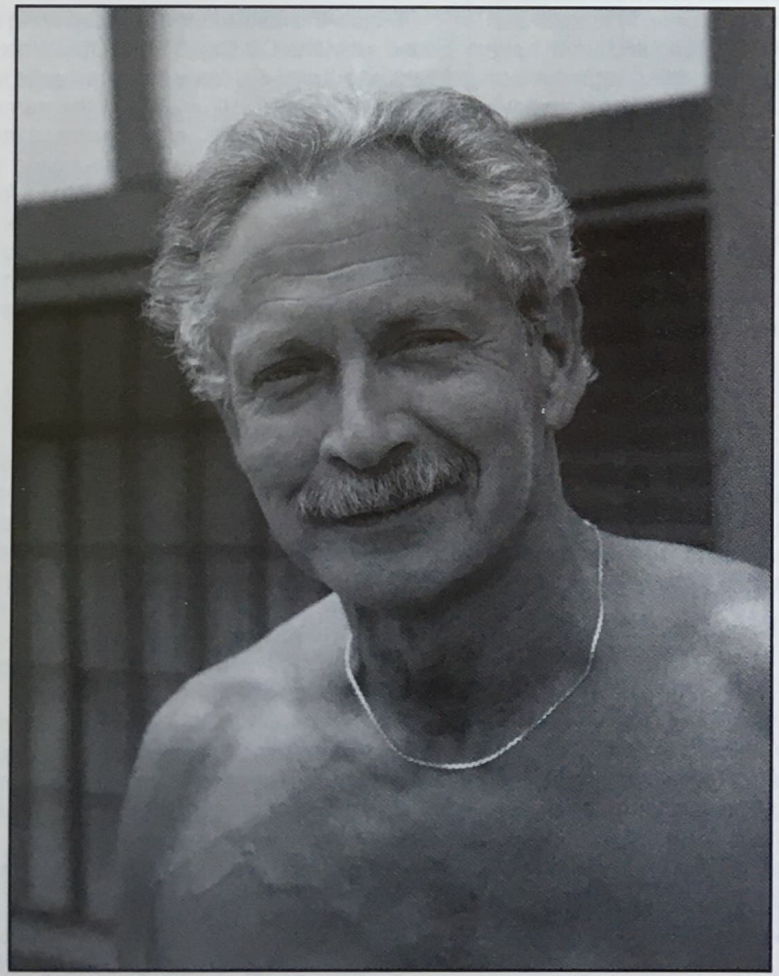
OUTSPAN

DIRTY DUSTY

HRK

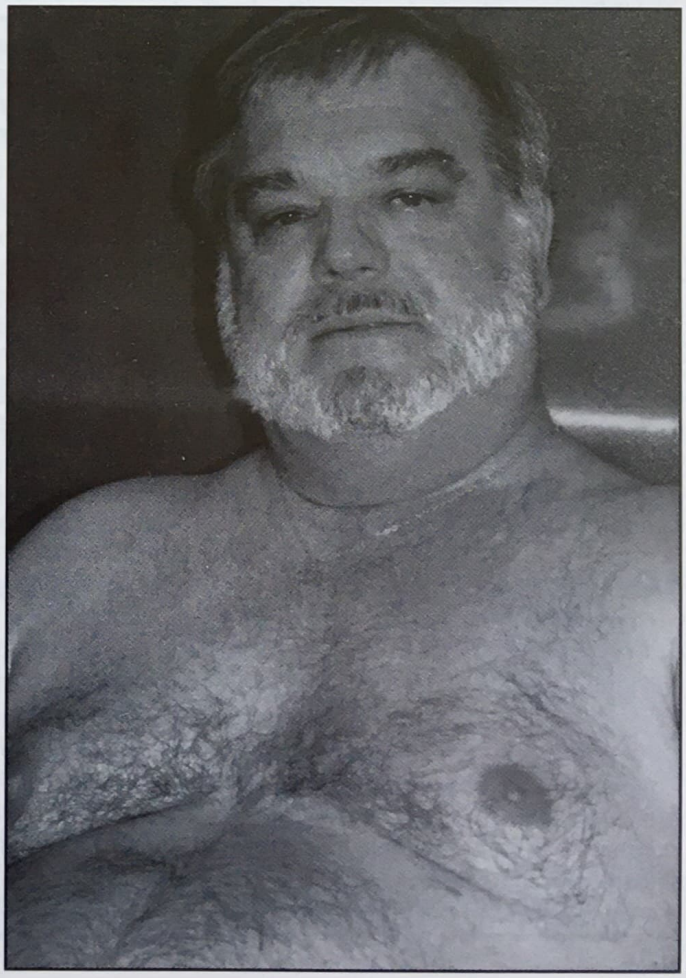
FRENCHY

JOEL



BEARPA

MR. RUPERT



HOW?

ALL YOUR LITTLE NAGGING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE.

HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT?

New subscriptions will be processed and first copies mailed within two (2) to four (4) weeks.

Back issues and other merchandise will be shipped within two (2) to five (5) weeks.

Non-urgent correspondence and photo submittals will be answered within two (2) two to five (5) weeks. Always allow at least a week to ten (10) days for transit time by mail or UPS.

If you want us to acknowledge receipt of something, you MUST include a self-addressed, stamped card. Tip: Our worst backlogs occur during the two weeks prior to the release of an issue.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 S V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates when your last issue will arrive. The "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all interim CR CLASSICS issues until your subscription expires. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

WHAT PRODUCTS AND SERVICES DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINES:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

CR Classics - a soft core erotic, entertainment-oriented publication featuring fiction, photography and artwork.

VIDEOS:

"Orlando '95", a non-adult entertainment production featuring the best of the CR Follies Gala during the past CR Gathering in Orlando. Many of those attending remarked that the show was as good as or better than a $50 Las Vegas show.

BOOKS:

Quincunx... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

APPAREL:

Caps and T-shirts

CONVENTIONS:

We organize a Gathering of mature men and admirers every spring and Regional Assemblies during the year.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**. Get it?

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND DISTRIBUTE?

CR - During the first ten days of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifth and the fifteenth of the month. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the third or fourth week of the month. *CR CLASSICS* - During the first ten days of May and November. Mailing and shipping intervals are the same as above.

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send us a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash) AFTER it is published. Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

HOW TO PISS US OFF

"Hot", "bounced," "bad," or otherwise unpaid checks have become an enormous headache for us. If you overdraw by accident and contact us immediately, we will only charge you the $4 service fee our bank charges us. See? We're nice guys. If, however, we have to take the time to contact you and resolve the matter, you may be billed a service charge of $25.00.

Not all customers are always right. Abusive, harassing or threatening communication will not be tolerated. We therefore reserve the right to refuse the sale of products and services to anyone.

Take the high road with us, and we'll bend over backwards for you.

THINGS THAT NEED FIXING

by PUG SNIDER

fiction

Listen, you guys who have reached my age: At fifty-five it's not too bad. Maybe a little scary, but you're still in the old ball game. Of course, the big Six-O sneaks up on you awful fast, and if your spunky little prostate has swollen to the size of a grapefruit and your mirror resembles that portrait of Dorian Gray, you can find yourself sitting on the sidelines watching the rest of the gay world falling in love every Friday night or, worse yet, see the really lucky ones settling down with Mr. Perfect.

In my own case, I'm still in there pitching. About two years ago, still feeling very sorry for myself following the loss of a dear and wonderful man with whom I had enjoyed ten great years, I had sort of made up my mind that my own life had come to a full stop. Whereas Tom had methodically drunk himself to death, I had always been happier with a good chocolate ice-cream soda. Had I been a drinker, I might have consoled myself with martini lunches and the healing therapy of bourbon at one of the various hangouts where Tom liked to hold sway among the many who appreciated his pleasant line of bullshit.

During the early days of my sudden aloneness, I just moped. I was hardly fit company for man or beast. What depressed me most was a strong conviction that I had come to that point in my life where nothing important was ever going to happen to me. I switched over to long-neglected straight friends and occupied my Sundays with my daughter and her overly hearty husband. I have to admit he was a visual treat who liked nothing more than exhibiting his superb body. The main feature of their small tract house was a newly built pool taking up three-quarters of their tiny backyard, a legitimate excuse for my son-in-law to play host in nothing but the merest patch of zebra-striped Lastex. Even though Dennis was an ordained minister in one of the more recently founded cult churches, never having attended one of his services, I could never think of him as a man of the cloth. To me, he was a part-time real estate salesman/ex-high school football hero whose greatest assets were a donkey dick and a tremendous sack of balls. Too bad he was such an asshole.

Not many fathers are completely satisfied with the man their daughters choose. Yet knowing me as you do, you might suppose that I would have welcomed this hunk with open arms. I forgot to tell you that, along with Dennis' hard-to-conceal male endowment, the guy's classic Nordic Features are most people's idea of perfection. As easily swayed as I am, blond, blue-eyed athletes are not my type. And it's just as well because I recall the case of a friend of mine who couldn't keep his hands off his daughter's handsome husband. His enthusiastic response to "the son he'd never had" developed into a nasty situation that opened up a whole can of worms. The marriage broke up in less than a year.

God has always looked out for me. Just suppose my daughter, when she was cheerleader at Moline High, seventeen and wild, having inherited my own raging hormones, had let herself get with one of those dark, hot-blooded little Italians from the wrong side of the tracks. She came, oh, so close to marrying that Romani kid. I was pretty sure they were sleeping together, and I couldn't help but wonder what he was like in bed. Now there was a little fucker who was just my type. He was a tough, cocky Dago who, even at seventeen, had to shave twice a day and even then showed that blue-black cheek and chin I find very attractive. I can still smell him. It's a good thing he won a scholarship somewhere out west. I couldn't have trusted myself with him.

As you've gathered, I am not too crazy about Dennis. From all outward appearances, he and Mary Ellen have a marriage that is no worse than most that I see. Neither of them realizes that I know as much about their sex life as I do. Before my wife and I divorced, she told me some things that had come out of their occasional mother-and-daughter discussions. One morning over breakfast, maybe two years into the marriage, my wife said to me, "You and I will never need to worry about having to call each other Gramma and Gramps because Mary Ellen informs me that Dennis is impotent."

I remember thinking that one over a few minutes. My first reaction, after feeling a certain pity for Mary Ellen, was a kind of satisfaction. Hadn't I always maintained that a lot of your macho, jock-stud types were not such great shakes in bed?

My wife had never been one to keep secrets to herself. Even though she had already made it clear that our own marriage was just about at an end, she shared with me a genuine concern in regard to our daughter's painful marital problem. "Mary Ellen always wanted a boy and a girl," my wife reminded me, tearfully, following another one of their long, late-night telephone conversations.

I made it my business to hide my smug reaction to Dennis' abnormality. I am ashamed to admit that I still gloated over the mental picture of that swaggering Norwegian's fleshy cannon hanging mighty but limp with plenty of balls but no fire. A Viking without a hardon. I stopped long enough to inquire: "Have they considered 'in vitro' or any of that complicated stuff we keep seeing on television?" My wife assured me that neither of them favored any of the new techniques.

"They both seem perfectly happy," I pointed out.

"That's what I thought. But a mother can tell." Never one to mince words, my wife went on to tell me that Mary Ellen had finally confessed: "Dennis went soft shortly after their honeymoon in Hawaii. And stayed that way. Our poor baby."

My own marriage had been a bumpy road from almost the very beginning, but I had never ever had the slightest trouble getting little old "junior" up and

hard. "How do they manage?" I ventured.

"She says they have ways," was her reply. "And they pray a lot."

I couldn't help but ask: "What ways?"

"Oral sex seems to be working for both of them."

My wife's calmness surprised me. Oral sex had always been the point at which she has drawn the line.

My wife, I was sure, could see the wheels turning. "I suppose you're wondering just who does what to whom?" She sipped her coffee and went on to explain: "He goes down on her and she goes down on him. Mary Ellen says it works. But when she gets to thinking about a little boy and a little girl, she gets real depressed."

The above conversation occurred ages ago. Much has happened since then. The divorce. Helen's marrying that dentist up in Galena, my discovering gay bars. Running into my old buddy Tom and the two of us finally getting up the nerve to be entirely honest with each other.

You might expect that my own turn of events would have brought a certain compassion toward my daughter, her husband, and their problem. The way they had managed to handle things. As it was, finding myself so happy in my new lifestyle with Tom, I stopped worrying about Mary Ellen and Dennis.

They had moved out to Roseland Estates, way up the other side of the river. Tom and I shared the old house in which Mary Ellen had grown up. During the ten years that Tom and I were together, Dennis and Mary Ellen would drive down to check up on me. Both approved heartily of the way Tom had gussied up the old place, putting in new kitchen cabinets and carefully tending Helen's long-neglected garden.

If either of them sensed anything irregular in our living arrangements, they were polite enough not to make comment. I guess when your daughter is a cocksucker, you don't have to put up with a lot of preaching. Preaching, however, reminded me that every Sunday that son-in-law of mine was in that pulpit spouting hell-fire and damnation, quoting from Corinthians, all the while he was practicing fellatio instead of shooting out the good seed that would bring forth beautiful children.

Once Dennis had inspected the excellent job of cabinetwork Tom had done, he pumped him about lumber, hardware, and so forth. Then he proudly told us that his church had finally managed to find a new home in what had been the old Princess Theatre in Bettendorf, which had been abandoned ever since the owner had built the huge new Quad-Plex Cinemas up by Wal-Mart. "You should see our new Church. You'd never recognize the old movie house." Actually, neither I nor Tom ever visited the transformed Princess. We preferred to remember it as it had been in the days of our youth. Besides, the very name put us off; when the Princess sign came down, Dennis had installed an elaborate halo of blue neon tubing heralding "LITTLE CHAPEL OF THE DIVINE PERSUASION." That cocksucker!

I am undoubtedly a lousy father-in-law. Somehow I just could not stomach the guy. In all fairness, I have to say that he never showed me anything other than the utmost respect. I cannot honestly complain that he made any snide remarks about Tom's moving in with me. Maybe once, just possibly, when Tom and I visited up at their tacky little ranch/split-level out in the middle of what used to be all bean fields, he apologized for their tasteless Sears decor (Mary Ellen had been raised among Helen's Drexel mahogany and fine Oriental rugs), and, obviously referring to my own choice of a mate, suggested: "Mary Ellen wasn't lucky enough to have married a combination interior decorator and florist." By his tone you could tell that he classed "florist" only a notch above "hairdresser." He made it clear that his own capabilities included more important items such as building their new swimming pool practically with his own bare hands.

I think Mary Ellen probably felt real affection for Tom. It occurred to me that she might have seen in him something I also recognized, a mature version of Tony Romani. How close she had come to marrying him. Old Mrs Romani, who still ran the Tivoli Cafe, had run into Mary Ellen, mentioning that Tony was now the father of six lovely children and two grandchildren.

As I mentioned earlier, after Tom's death I was really at loose ends. I gravitated toward my daughter's hospitality. She always reinforced the invitations with mention of the fact that "Dennis thinks you should use the pool, use it as therapy, help him with the cabinets."

It was a strange father/daughter relationship; she was a far wiser child than I had ever given her credit for; here was a daughter genuinely concerned in the loss of her dad's lover, and he, in turn, was disturbed by her makeshift marriage to a limp-dicked minister. Plus, even the guy's real estate business was a bit shaky. Anyway, Sunday out at their place became a regular thing.

As for the cabinets, Dennis really did not need my expertise. That had been Tom's department. And when they were completed, Dennis let me do the staining and waxing—probably at Mary Ellen's suggestion because she did not like to see me just sit around looking like I had lost my best friend. Which I had.

The pool was Dennis' pride and joy. That and the new electric BBQ grill. This called for a celebration, so one Sunday they invited a few couples in for rib-eye steaks and sweet corn. They weren't too shabby a bunch. In fact, there were a couple of real hunks who, had they not been encumbered with toddlers and perky little wives, I would have taken for "members of the club." But, honestly, they were no more interesting than Dennis. Before we all dived into our steaks, there was a brief prayer. It was obvious that the whole gang consisted of faithful followers of the Divine Persuasion.

Mary Ellen, remembering only too well how I had always loathed eating picnic-style, had settled me into a comfortable chair and a small TV tray of my own on the shady side of the pool. More and more, of late, I was beginning to feel like some kind of an invalid. She came over and buttered my corn, tying a bib around my neck. It read "AIN'T WE, GOT FUN!" Just for a moment I thought of my ex-wife. Helen would have puked.

My dutiful daughter made sure that I had plenty of everything. She was still my little cheerleader, and it showed in the way she played hostess. As if the bibs weren't enough, she had provided games for the children, a prize for the funniest bathing suit, and what she called "the fifty-cent tour" of the house. This last was occasioned by the comple-

tion of the new cabinets, not to mention the addition of a whole lot of Helen's better pieces such as the breakfront, a coffee table, and a couple of handsome Persian rugs.

She thanked me for letting her have these things of her mother's. "By the way," she said, "I had a card from Mom. She and the Doc are living it up in Acapulco."

"Nice," I said, letting it go at that.

"You and Mom always seemed fairly happy even though I guess it wasn't all roses."

"It was good enough most of the time, I guess. We had you. That made up for a lot."

"Thanks, Daddy. So did you. Still do." And she gave me a hug. Then, before she left to organize the water polo, she scolded me: "You were bad, Daddy, really bad, asking Dennis how was the matinee down at the Princess today. About the popcorn and Milk Duds. That wasn't very nice." She looked really hurt.

I said, "I'm sorry." But I wasn't. It would always be the Princess to me, and they did have popcorn better than any you can get nowadays.

That night, long after all the faithful followers had departed among enthusiastic thank yous and one last prayer, it was decided that I stay over and drive back home the next morning. The wall that separated our beds was so thin that I might as well have been sleeping with the two of them. I could hear every word. The skimpy plaster between us did nothing to muffle the baritone boom of Dennis' pulpit-trained delivery or the piping chatter of Mary Ellen whose bedtime litany had all the clarity of Helen's nightly tête-a-têtes. What I heard was almost a duplicate of the sort of a rehash that Helen and I would engage in after an evening at the country club or one of our own dinner parties.

"You were wonderful with the kids, Denny." The way she said it made me sad to think that my son-in-law would never toss a football with kids of his own. A minute or so later I detected the kinds of sounds that accompany foreplay. There was laughter, and they had their little radio on. Next door a dog barked. Finally, I fell asleep.

Dennis, it seemed, was an early-riser. So am I. While Mary Ellen lazed in bed, not unlike her mother, my son-in-law rustled up the coffee, divvied up the morning paper with me, and produced superb waffles on the old waffle-iron that had been among the stuff I had passed on to the kids. What with the addition of Helen's quality pieces and Mary Ellen's recent wall-papering, their originally sterile little box had taken on a certain charm and warmth. Whatever, for the first time in months, I felt a sense of well-being. By the time Dennis had poured me a second cup of coffee and poured luscious strawberries over my second waffle, I found myself responding to the man's sincere efforts to make me feel at home. Maybe this guy was more than just the has-been jock and Jesus freak I'd been resenting all along.

"I know you miss Tom. It must be really tough." All this came out of the blue. It made me feel shitty about the way I had so belittled the backbreaking work that had probably gone into his house of God.

"Damn right it's tough. I miss Tom like the very devil." I wasn't sure if Dennis was aware of the intensity of our relationship, but, knowing Mary Ellen, I suspected she had blabbed the whole story.

"Living alone is no good," Dennis said. "Get out and circulate. For starters, why not visit the Little Chapel next Sunday. Nice bunch of folks as you could tell from yesterday's little party. You just might latch on to someone you could share your life with."

He seemed genuinely concerned with my aloneness. "You trying to fix me up with another Helen? Or another Tom?" It was hard to know whether he was hoping to guide me back to a state of grace as prescribed by the Lord or whether he had resigned himself to the realization that I had found my true path in a slightly different direction.

"Whatever. Mary Ellen is worried about your moping and doing for yourself in that big house. She said Tom was the best thing that ever happened to you."

So my daughter had discussed the Tom thing with him. That explained the fact that Dennis had early on soft-pedaled the references to "Tom the florist" and half-jokingly commented on our last trip up to Chicago which happened to coincide with Windy City's two-day celebration of Gay Pride. Little did Dennis know, at that time, that Tom and I had actually marched down Michigan Avenue with the best and the worst of our kind.

No matter. I liked myself exactly the way I turned out. Here I was, hitting sixty-three and still waking up with a damn fine hardon every morning. Which was more than Dennis could say. My temporary single state was preferable to his uncomfortable situation. Mary Ellen had once confided to Helen that Dennis had experienced cruel abuse at the hands of a father who had eventually walked out on the family. The recollection of this bit of information prompted me to take action. My heart went out to the big lug. The heartiness, the swagger, the constant harking back to the days of his triumphs on the football field—all a facade. I did what had to be done.

First I have to set the scene. Here we were in the breakfast nook. Both of us still in our pajamas as the plan had been to get in one last swim before I headed for Moline. I remember he was standing at the sink, washing dishes. He washed. I dried. "Sure," I said. "I'll give it a chance. Look for me in church next Sunday. Only hope the roof doesn't cave in." He knew that neither I nor Helen had been inside a church since his and Mary Ellen's elaborate wedding.

He got this big smile on his silly, handsome face and was about to turn and shake my hand when I surprised the hell out of him. Even though I'm an old fart and seem mild-mannered, I am much stronger than I look. And I'm quick. I laid one arm across his shoulders and with my right hand I whacked him two good licks on that big butt. The thin fabric across those powerful buttocks was no protection against the driving flat of my palm. He winced and let out a pitiful cry, bending further into the sink, ass thrust out to meet two more blows. I had not expected immediate submission. I don't know what the hell I had expected. Regardless, I felt myself in full command, and the novelty of the situation, the very craziness of it, drove me into a piece of play-acting that was worthy of Captain Bligh on a bad day on the Bounty.

Once I got started there was no

stopping me. "Drop your pants," I ordered. The pajamas slipped to the floor, revealing the full expanse of white cheeks, blond-fuzzed and strangely white in contrast to the sun-tanned thighs, by this time branded pink with the imprint of my palm. I was about to administer one last wallop when I heard him whimper. "Please don't, Pa." I knew it was time to stop. When he turned and faced me, I looked down and saw the biggest, most impressive hardon I had ever seen in all my life. Reaching for his pajama pants, his gaze followed mine and he looked like a man who had just discovered gold in his pan. "It's back. It's back. The goddam thing is back." He grabbed ahold of the stiff rod, caressing it like it was a sacred chalice.

He slipped into the pants, but the thing still poked out through the open fly and gave no evidence of returning to a tranquil state. "I haven't seen anything like that since Honolulu," he exclaimed.

As for myself, I had not seen anything like that since maybe a certain little exhibition Tom and I had witnessed at a seedy little club up in Chicago. All I said was: "You called me Pa. Maybe you weren't referring to me, Dennis, but why not call me Pa? You've never called me anything, so far as I can remember."

It was about this time that Mary Ellen called out from upstairs: "Denny, would you come up here for a minute?" He hugged me and then was off like a flash. It's a good thing I am not partial to big handsome Scandinavians, or he'd never have got up those stairs.

The story does not end here. Next Sunday found me at the old Princess (beloved names die hard), and I have to admit my son-in-law did himself proud up there in that pulpit. The crowd ate him up. I have to mention that I was sitting in the very seat that I had occupied at many a matinee in the old days. It was in the section where the management provided what it called "cuddle" seats-soft plushy little divans big enough for two. Helen and I had made out there until the night we finally went all the way. You will be pleased to know that, perhaps thanks to the intervention of the Divine Persuasion, a very presentable guy, just my type shares that seat now. The Lord does look after us.

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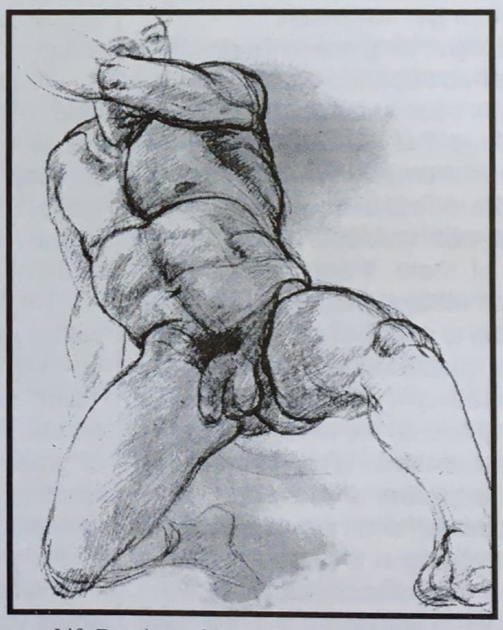

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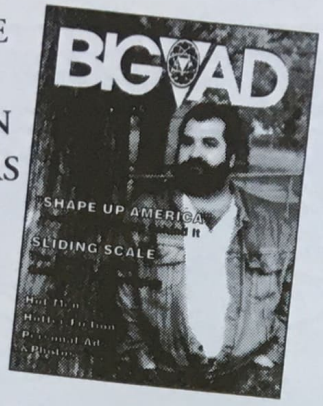

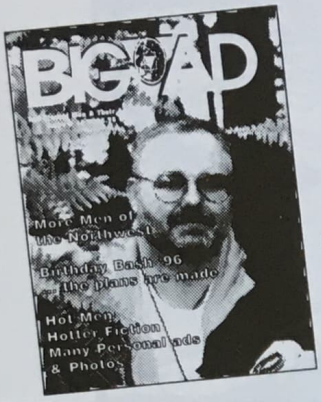

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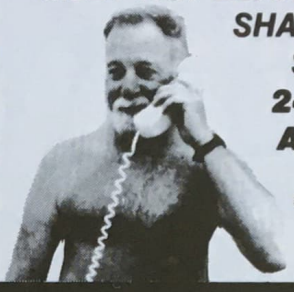

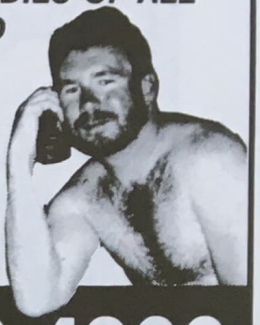

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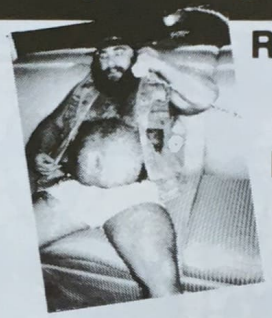

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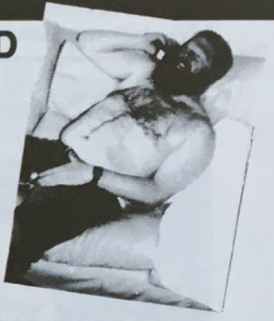

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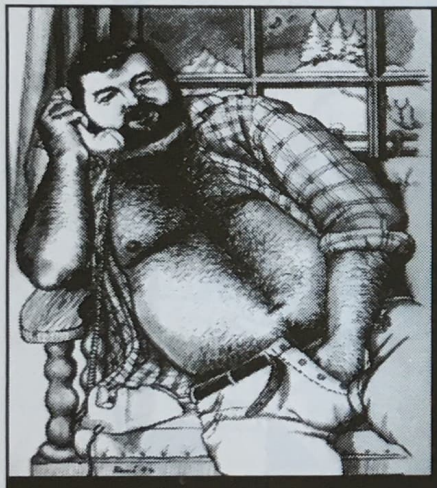

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WHAT?!
YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL MAN, DEL!
HEY!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE WITH THE COACHES' CONVENTION, YOU CREEP!
WAIT...
I NEVER SAID I WAS!
I'M WITH THE WOOLLY MAMMOTHS, AND I ASSUMED YOU WERE, TOO!
WOOLLY WHAT?!
MAMMOTHS. A LOOSELY KNIT FRATERNITY OF LARGE, HAIRY MEN WHO APPRECIATE OTHER LARGE, HAIRY MEN!
"APPRECIATE"?
IN FACT, ALLOW ME TO SUGGEST OUR "LARGE, HAIRY, & PROUD SELF-ESTEEM WORKSHOP"...
SUGGEST ALL YOU WANT, PAL!
"APPRECIATE"?
I DON'T WANNA BE LATE TO "MASSAGE FOR WRESTLERS IN THE 90'S"!
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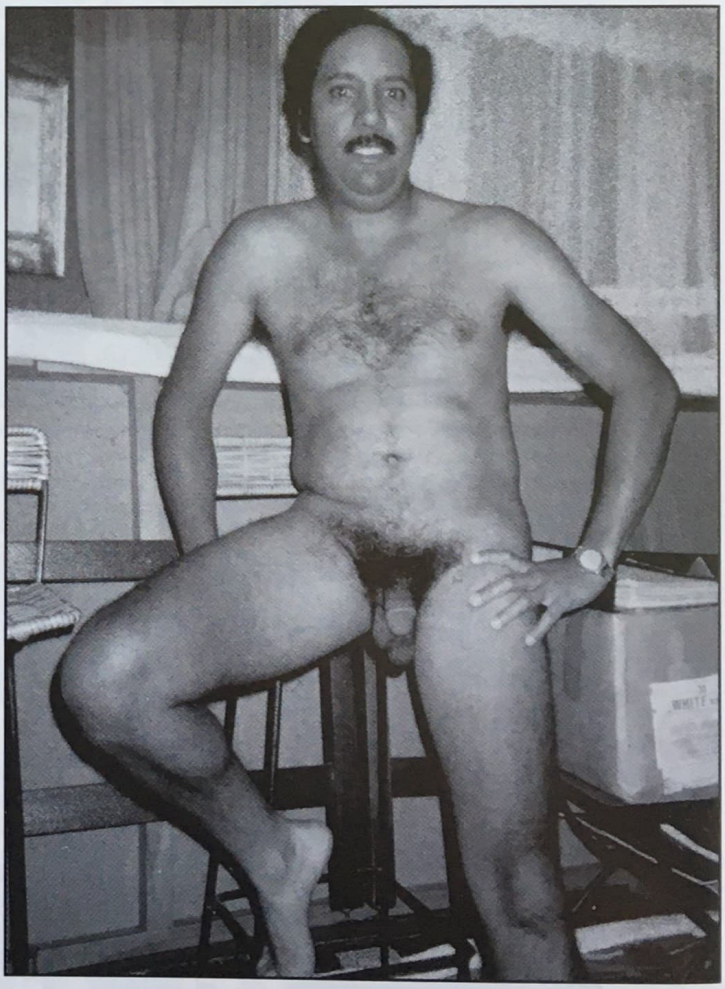

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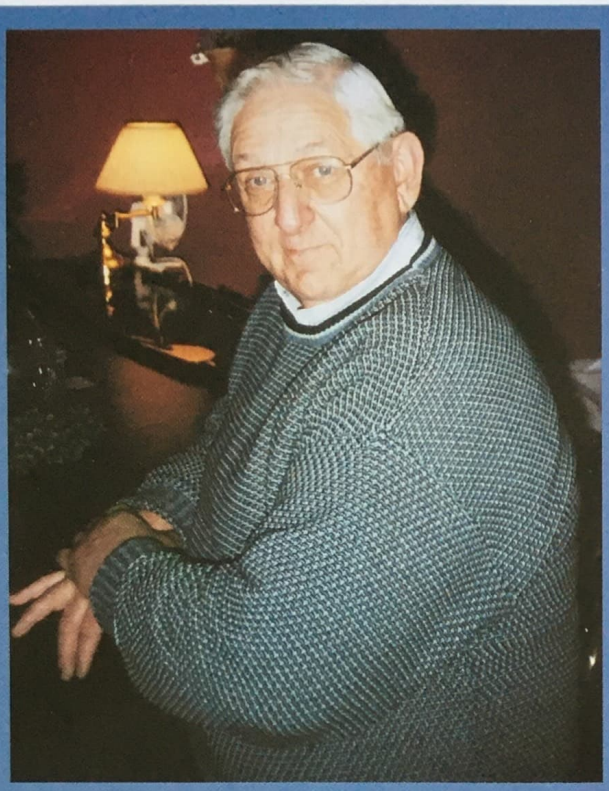

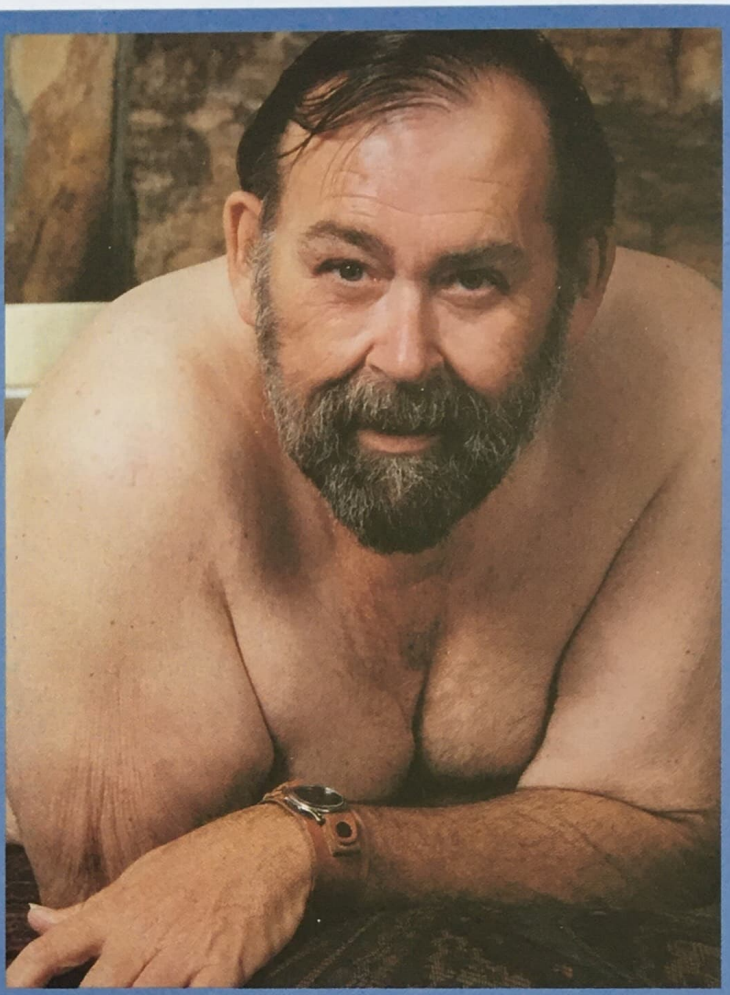

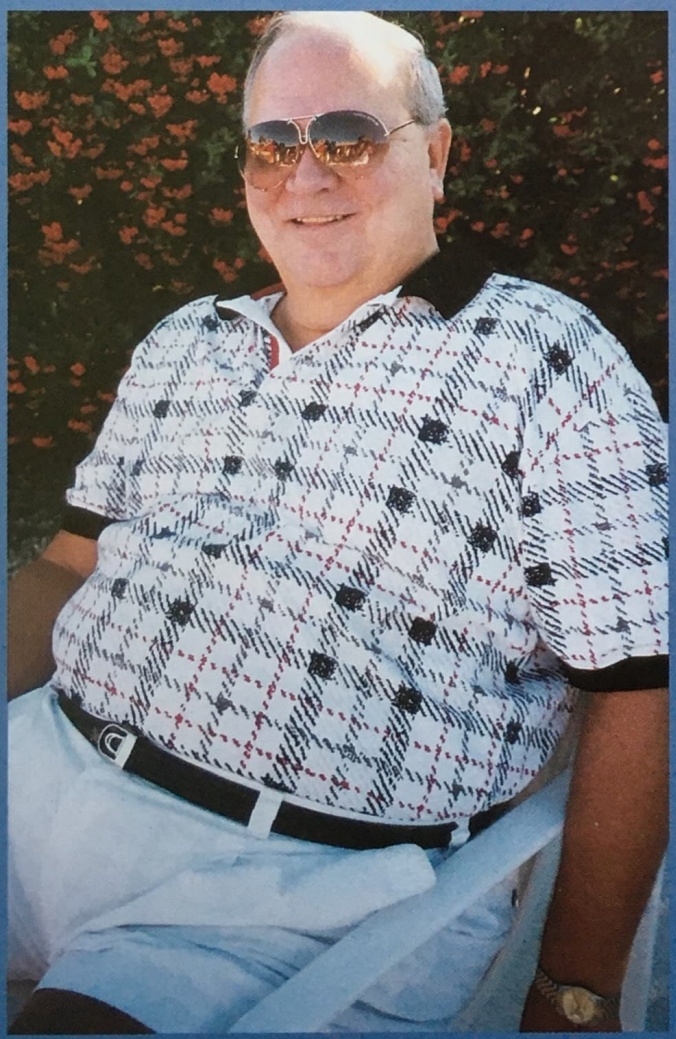

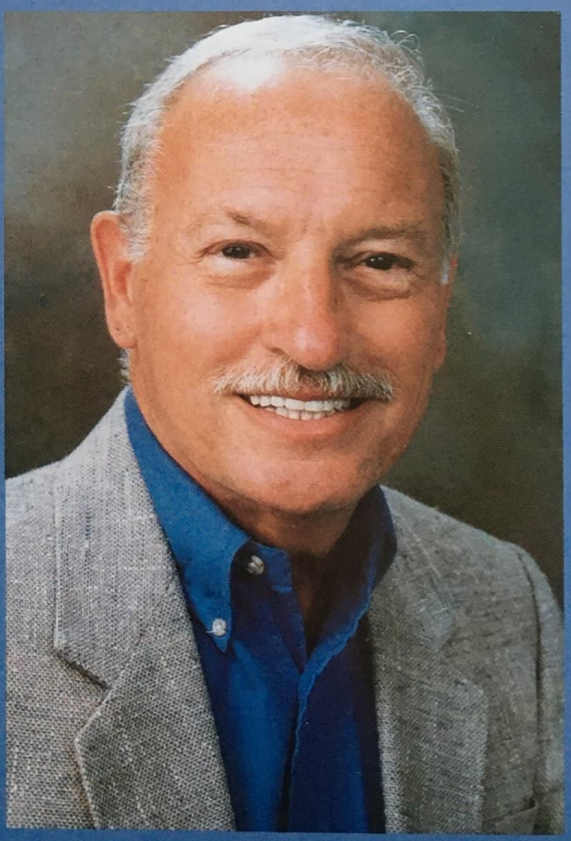

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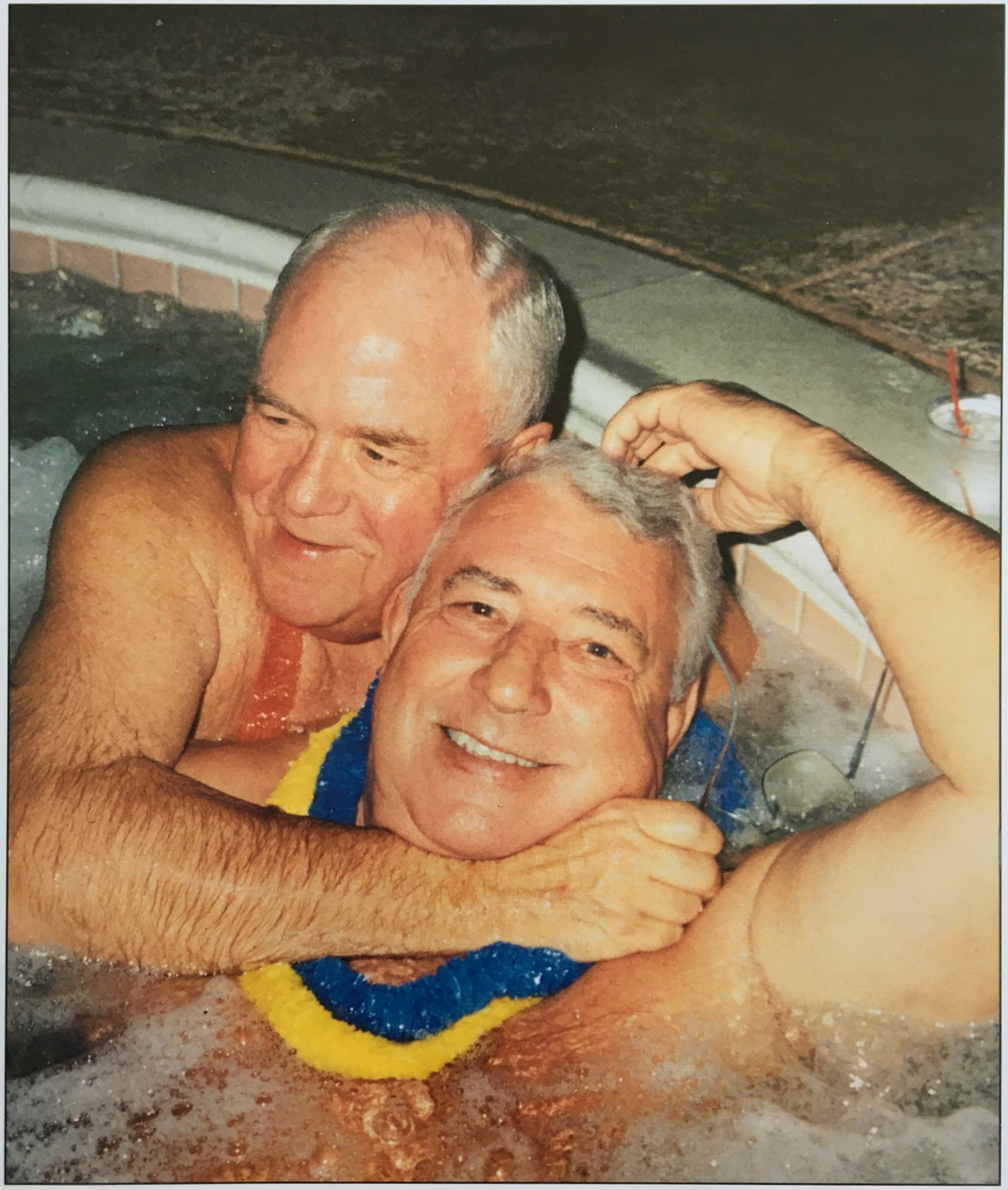

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BUT I DIDN'T THINK THEY WERE GOING TO TORTURE ME.

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(8/96) NATIONWIDE/MONTGOMERY: BM, 36, 245#, seeks older white male, 50+, heavy/medium, friendship, visits. Write: Allen, P.O. Box 241841, Montgomery, AL 36124. Weekends: (334) 277-9270.

<u>ARIZONA</u>

(4/96) ARIZONA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 6 ft., 250#, HIV negative, live in Tucson area. Looking for someone 30-50 to build a monogamous relationship with. Drink/drug free, nonsmoker. Enjoy all forms of sex as long as safe. Your photo gets mine. Write: **BAREKAT**

(6/96) PHOENIX/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 33, 6 ft., 185#, HIV negative, in an open relationship, would like to meet distinguished gentleman, 50+, for mutual benefiting times. Not looking for relationship, just good old-fashioned fun. Write: **BEEP**

<u>NORTHERN CALIFORNIA</u>

(4/96) HOLLISTER: GWM, 63, 5'-3", 125#, brown eyes, silver hair, excellent health, Italian extraction, retired professional jockey, Greek & French A/P, uncut. Interests include classical music, gardening, horses, dogs, gourmet cooking. Seek warm, affectionate, monogamous lifemate, 60+. Will relocate for the right man. Your photo gets mine. The Jockey, 234 Ash Lane, Hollister, CA 95023, (408) 637-3401.

(4/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: WM, 68, 6'-2", 200#, clean-shaven, HIV negative, considerate smoker, retired, quiet, somewhat an introvert, far prefer a quiet home life. Will not tolerate drunks, drugs, or roughness. Relocation possible. Seek a WM, comparable build, hairy, self-supporting, masculine, straight-acting, hopefully for a relationship. Maturity far more important than age. Photograph appreciated. My articles and photographs have appeared in several issues of CR under the name FLORES. Write to: Leonard H. Corbett-Grant, P.O. Box 712, Napa, CA 94559-0712.

(4/96) EXCLUSIVELY BOTTOM! Sorry, that is not by choice but fact. Since ultimate goal is a monogamous relationship, GWM needs a well-endowed, HIV negative, TOTAL TOP in the 52-72 age range. Hairy, masculine, 62-year-old chubby prefers quiet home life over bars or travel. Please call DOGGIE at (510) 443-3083.

(4/96) CALIFORNIA, NATIONAL, INTERNATIONAL: CR Classics #4 model, STANDING TALL. GWM, in great shape, blond, solid libido, 60+, retired professional, 180#, 5'-10", HIV negative, uncut power tool and heavy big balls. I do like romance, massage, generous amount of sex, body toning, swimming, hiking, travel, theater music, movies and good food. Looking for masculine, horny, hung GWM with pleasant personality. Your photo will get mine in return. Get in touch with Kurt Kalb, 1001 Franklin St., #10B, San Francisco, CA 94109, phone: (415) 776-6313.

(4/96) NORTH-CENTRAL VALLEY/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 63, 5'-9", 180#, HIV negative, in-shape, grey/blue, hairy, mustache-goatee, uncut, French A/P, Greek P, nonsmoker, light social drinker. Seeking younger men, 30-50, for hot times, friendship, or a relationship. Prefer men who are in-shape, hairy, nonsmokers, HIV negative, and fairly well endowed. Enjoy meeting couples. Would also like to hear from Europeans, as I will be spending some time there in 1996. Write: **JAY RAY**

(8/96) SAN FRANCISCO AREA: Burly w/m, exec/dad type, looking for trim guy over 25 who enjoys the company of a heavier, probably older guy (late 40s). Nonsmoker, no drugs, HIV negative, moderately hairy, trim beard/moustache. Enjoy long, slow, sensual sessions, oral and tit play, and other goodies. RS, P.O. Box 2646, Sunnyvale, CA 94087.

(6/96) NATIONWIDE: Short, fat and bald. Okay, enough about my lower parts. Besides, it's not really short. Sexy man looking for a sexy mate. I like big, burly bruisers with big bellies, 50-70. Partial to short fat guys too. I'm 62, 5'-10", 180#, masculine, balanced (financially and emotionally). Since chemistry is first, let's share photos. E.P., P.O. Box 1057, Fairfax, CA 94978.

(4/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/CENTRAL VALLEY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 5'-10", 175#, brown/green. Am your average straight-acting, drink-drug-smoke-free, honest, nice guy with little flaws, some being slightly overweight, usually oversexed, and rather under-hung. Seeking very similar, discreet GWHM to 55 with his own flaws (under-hung optional). Be versatile (we'll talk), height-weight proportional, with interests not heavily into sports, outdoors or extensive travel. I like old cars, shop, home. H.H., P.O. Box 9143, Fresno, CA 93990.

(8/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Attractive Thai male, 48, 5'-8", 170#, clean-shaven, healthy, HIV negative, professional. Enjoy traveling, cooking, antiques, stock market. Seeking clean-shaven, nonsmoker WM, 45-65. Send photo (will return) and telephone number. Will get prompt reply. Write: S.V., P.O. Box 70174, Sunnyvale, CA 94086

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(2/97) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 250#+, NS, ND, HIV negative, passionate (oral A/P), nurturing, good sense of humor, retired, financially secure. Seeking masculine guy under 40 for friendship and fun. LTR possible. Any race, body type welcome. Write with photo to: George Green, Box 1312, Canyon Country, CA 91386-1312.

(8/96) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Accomplished artist, 65, 6 ft., 246 #, blue-green eyes, horny with big fat uncut dick, seeks younger man, semi-muscular, 180-200#, nonsmoker, non-drinker/drugger. I'm a quiet homebody (too much so) who loves all music, art, theater, camping. One of my paintings appeared in CR 64 and my photo appeared in CR 57. Dick Collins: (818) 964-8121.

(4/96) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Retired, non-drinking senior needed by very active C-Riser senior for house sitting and occasional caring for dogs. Free room in exchange. Should like rural living and dogs. **DOUBLE L**, phone no. (619) 868-0890 *(corrected)*

(8/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: WM, 62, 5'-11", 195#, sincere, Greek passive, horny but not hard up. Seeks new friends, all ages, for fun, travel, visits. Write or call: Alfred, Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276.

(8/96) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 6'-1", 195#, adventurous traveler, bicyclist. Likes outdoors, keeping in shape. Seeks non-smoking, masculine senior who is sincere, affectionate and in-shape—someone who likes the above and who prefers quiet, quality times together. Your photo gets mine. **CYCLIST**

(6/96) TUSTIN/NATIONWIDE: SWM, 52, 6 ft., 188#, fair, smooth, in-shape, sensual and affectionate. Seeks special person to share life and bed. Monogamously inclined only, please. Sorry, no playboys or predators. Write: **BIG HANDS**

(4/96) CALIFORNIA: BOSTON BILL seeks ride from San Diego to SF Bay Area after Gathering. Also looking for companion to tour Wine Country and Redwood Country from 29 May to 5 June. Prefer nonsmoker, younger, slim or muscular. Phone (617) 288-3228 or write to: **BOSTON BILL**

(4/96) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: Bear Daddy, 59, 220#, 5'-9", intelligent, imaginative, healthy professional seeks similar son or younger brother. Prefer ex-military type, good-humored, personable, rugged, masculine, single man, 25-50. Write: J.C., P.O. Box 632838, San Diego, CA 92163-2838.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(2/97) WASHINGTON, D.C./NATIONWIDE: GBM, 42, 6'-1", 205#, moustache, loves cuddly safe play and feet/footwear. Seeks 30-70 for friendships/intimate times. Enjoy books, movies, theater, travel. Race/physique unimportant. Write: E.S., P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

CONNECTICUT

(10/96) GRIZZLY WANTED: Are you big, burly and furry? GWM, 52, 6'-2", 173#, Bearded bear lover is looking for you! Write: Jan, P.O. Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or call: (203) 794-0868.

FLORIDA

(6/96) OCALA: GWM, 50, HIV negative. Offers uninhibited mutual pleasure in the comfort of your home. Hard and horny, have it the way you want it. Creative and fun group welcome. No relationship wanted. Write: Pat Peerless, P.O. Box 1447, Belleview, FL 34421.

(4/96) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Any leather masters out there? 55 yr young chubby GWM, 5'-8", 240#, HIV negative, needs training. Any age master is welcome. Want to experience CBT, TT, WS, VA, etc., as you deem necessary, Sir. Will travel to your playroom or dungeon. R.B., P.O. Box 451622, Sunrise, FL 33345.

(4/96) FT. LAUDERDALE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-10", 190#, white mustache and sides, silver hair, caring, loving, sincere, monogamous, great sense of humor, seeking young, slender lifemate. Photo appreciated. Write: Don, P.O. Box 11313, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339.

(4/96) POMPANO BEACH/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 5'-10", 165#, blondish hair, blue eyes, looking for relationship with man over 250# and over 50 years. Write: Meacham, 612 N.E. 23rd Ave., Pompano Beach, FL 33062.

(6/96) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 57, 6 ft., 205#, brown/brown, with slight graying of the hair, HIV negative, fatherly type, looking for younger son/brother to care for and share with. Only prerequisite is a willingness to bond and be intimate. Write: **FATHER JOHN**

(4/96) FLORIDA WEST COAST/NATIONWIDE: How would you like to spend your winter vacation in Florida? If you are a GWM in his thirties or forties and wish the company of a GWM in his sixties, send me a picture and a letter about yourself. If there is a chance we can hit it off together, I will send you the best possible picture I can find of myself and a free round-trip airline ticket. If you think this is a bribe, you are exactly right. Why not give it a try? You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. P.S. Would you like a picture of me with or without a tie? **A. BRIBE**

(4/96) SARASOTA: Smooth teddy bear, 69, 200+, gray/blue, healthy, affectionate. Belt okay. Southern hospitality. Ted J., 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

(6/96) FT. LAUDERDALE: GWM, 5'-8", 220#, lt. green eyes, brown hair, moustache, moderately hairy body, French a/p, mostly active. Looking for an older man, 40-65, who loves to hug, cuddle and kiss. Write: **CUDDLER MIKE**

(6/96) TAMPA BAY AREA: GWM, 58, 5'-10", 155#, nonsmoker, non-drinker, seeking friends for summer move (semi-retirement looms on the horizon) to Tampa from Baltimore, MD. Interests include camping, Country Western line and two-step dancing, gardening, swimming, roller skating, reading, and roller coasters. Write: **HUNKIE**

GEORGIA

(4/96) AFFECTIONATE, CUDDLY, PLAYFUL TEDDY BEAR: 48, 5'-10", 190#, with smiling blue eyes and brown hair, seeks loving soul mate, 20-55. Ken, P.O. Box 16374, Savannah, GA 31416.

IDAHO

(4/96) SOUTHERN IDAHO: MWM, 65, 6 ft., 165#, seeks friends in area or traveling through. I am versatile, not seeking relationship. Enjoy all safe sex. Dick Harper, P.O. Box 548, Burley, ID 83318. Weekdays: (208) 678-8347.

ILLINOIS

(4/96) SOUTHERN ILLINOIS: GWM, 5'-11", 240#, brown/gray hair, blue eyes, mustache, HIV negative, nonsmoker, social drinker. Seeking someone to share long walks, flea markets, quiet times at home, warm hugs, affectionate cuddling. Age/size unimportant. Penpals welcome. Write: **SALUKI**

(4/96) CHICAGO: GWM, 65, 5'-9", 165#, survivor of longtime relationship, healthy, masculine, financially independent, wishes to correspond with same. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get prompt reply. Requests replies only from those interested in exploring possibility of sincere, loving relationship. Write: **JULES**

(6/96) ILLINOIS: 60s, 5'-11", 170#, young-looking. Like to travel, fish, golf, snow ski, play tennis. Enjoy C & W dancing. Looking for warm, loving, friend, over 40, for travel and possible relationship. Respond with photo. **ED 606**

(4/96) CHICAGO: I am looking for a roommate for the San Diego Gathering. Me: 59, 5'-9", 214#, 10% gray hair. You: 26-40, red or blond hair a big plus. Please, no beard or moustache. Write: **DAN FROM CHICAGO**

INDIANA

(4/96) WEST-CENTRAL INDIANA/NATIONWIDE: 52, 5'-9", 185#, 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for older (60s to 80s) white, clean-shaven, gray/white hair, uncut, short and stocky a plus. I'm a social drinker, smoke a pipe, like golfing, fishing and traveling. I have a lot of love to share with anyone who likes a good man-to-man relationship. Send photo and phone number to R.D.W., 1536 S. Center St., Terre Haute, IN 47802.

(4/96) NW INDIANA/CHICAGO AREA: GWM, 40, 5'-9", reddish/thinning hair, moustache, HIV negative, seeking GWM, 50+, for relationship. Write: Pat Collins, P.O. Box 986, Hammond, IN 46320.

(4/96) WABASH: Affectionate, cuddly, playful guy, 33 year old, non-smoker. Enjoy sports, bowling, motorcycles, gay mags, videos. Write: J.S., P.O. Box 266, Wabash, IN 46992.

(4/96) INDIANA: GWM, 38, 5'-9", 150, balding, salt & pepper hair, goatee. Enjoys company of husky, furry, affectionate and mature men. Live in NW Indiana, one hour from Chicago. Professional, college degree, work nights. Call Mark, (219) 763-3157

(4/96) TERRE HAUTE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 185#, attractive, youthful, recently retired professional, academic, Ph. D., passionate and vibrant, seeks companionable GMs, any race, 30-75, for friendship and more. I enjoy travel, theatre, gardening, music, and books. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply. Write to: J.M., P.O. Box 1441, Terre Haute, IN 47808-1441.

KENTUCKY

(2/97) LOUISVILLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 5'-9", 144#, brown hair, blue eyes, semi-hairy, 6-1/4" cut, enjoys flowers, trees, hiking, 4WD, fleamarkets. Naturist, naturalist, sun king. Seeks WM, 50+, couples, married, clergy welcome. Please, no extremely heavy, masculine only. Write: M. Lawson, P.O. Box 324, Shepherdsville, KY 40165, or call (502) 543-8598. VERY DISCREET.

MARYLAND

(6/96) BALTIMORE: Just moved to the Baltimore area. GWM, 32, 6 ft., 210#, stocky, brown/hazel, trim beard, hairy, masculine. Seeks GWM, 40+, for friendship, monogamous relationship. I'm HIV negative, inexperienced, educated. Enjoy old movies, videos, quiet evenings, sports, great conversation. You: masculine, HIV negative, experienced, hairy, stocky, honest, top leaning, versatile. Please write (with photo, if possible). Will return and answer all. **R CUBED**

MASSACHUSETTS

(4/96) BOSTON: GWM, 40, 6'-3", 185#, dark blond hair, blue eyes, friendly, sincere, healthy, HIV negative, nonsmoker/non-drug user, would like to meet masculine, mature, older man over 50, who is young at heart, for friendship and possible monogamous relationship. Hairy/stocky a plus. I'm a passionate, loving, romantic bottom who has a variety of interests, including movies, theater, travel, and bicycling. Would love to share my life with a kindred spirit. Photo appreciated - will return. **MASS BAY GUY**

MINNESOTA

(4/96) MINNESOTA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 6'-1", 220#, professional with a good heart. Seeks a mature Asian for a long-term relationship. I love travel, cooking, exercise and fun in bed. I am HIV negative, and you should be too. Thanks for writing! **ASIA**

MISSISSIPPI

(4/96) BAY ST. LOUIS: GWM, 68, 5'-9", 162#, blue eyes/brown and gray crewcut, uncut, retired clergyman, seeks mate or visitors. Must like to sleep overnight with partner. Photo and phone. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(4/96) LAKE LOTAWANA: Sane, sensible male could do with the contact of someone similar. I'm 6 ft., 225 pounds, black hair (rapidly receding and salt & peppering), bearded, hairy. I've got a good job, a nice (but chronically untidy) home and a reasonably decent outlook on life. I'm not age or weight conscious. I'm more than a sum of my parts. Write Steve at Rt. 4, Box H-50, Lake Lotawana, MO 64086.

(6/96) ST. LOUIS: Two GWM, 61, 5'-4"/51, 6'-4", 31 years together, seek sincere, down-to-earth-type guys, no age/race barrier. We are not into drugs, smoke, bars, baths or parks. HIV negative. Come share home-cooked meals, skinny dipping, nudism. We do organic gardening - into vegetables and flowers. We're honest, unpretentious, real, caring guys and value friendship very very much. **COUNTRY GUYS**

(6/96) KANSAS CITY AREA: GWM, 66, 6'-4", 195#, gray/hazel. Enjoy reading, videos, animals, nudity, mutual J/O, cuddling, all sex, penpals welcome, all answered. **GALLOWAY**

(4/97) ST. LOUIS: 51 yo submissive white male, clean, HIV negative, and expect same, seeking dominant male, any race, 70+ for oral pleasures. Revealing photo and phone appreciate. T.P., P.O. Box 410118, St. Louis, MO 63141.

NEW JERSEY

(10/96) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(6/96) NATIONWIDE: Professional Chinese, 39, 5'-6", 160#, attracted to men over 60. Looking for someone to love and be loved. Enjoy sports, traveling, and all the good things in life. Reserved and will attend S.D. Gathering. Roommate considered. Please write with photo to: **DCL**

NEW MEXICO

(4/96) SANTA FE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 45, 5'-11", 145#, blond, moustache, HIV negative, nonsmoker, uncut. I enjoy gardening, the outdoors, massage, nudity, good sex. Seek males, any age, with similar interests. Don't travel much, but I can host if you are visiting the Santa Fe area. Write: J.C., 2 Amistad Place, Santa Fe, NM 87505, or call (505) 466-4045.

(4/96) CLOVIS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-7", 185#, salt & pepper hair, mustache and beard, brown eyes, HIV negative, uncut. Seeks younger or up to my age guy who truly enjoys the company of and caring for an older guy who is a dominant (but loving) top. I am open to relocating. Prefer, but am open to any sincere person responding: small in stature, hairy, pierced (also tattoos), uncut, easy-going, loyal, good-humored, trustwor-

thy, no drugs, moderate drink/smoke, service oriented. Sex not a major factor; personality is. Photo appreciated. Write: **DALE**

NEW YORK

(4/96) MID-HUDSON NEW YORK: GWM, 56, 6'-2", 200#, seeks 18-30s, preferably smooth, lean, goal-oriented, for LTR. I am a nurturer, mentor type, no sugar daddy. Am into film (collector), soundtracks, hiking, theater, cyberspace, travel, music, life. Recently retired educator. Serious inquiries only. Your photo and telephone number (exchanged) will get a prompt reply. Contact: **GOOD DAD 2**

(4/96) OZONE PARK: Gay white married man, 60, 5'-7", 165#, D/D and HIV free, seeking Queens residents, bi/gay, white. Married or not, sensuous lovers, clean-shaven, 60s - 70s. Seniors are sexier, with own place or partner with one. Intimate, sensuous get-togethers two-five times per week. Would love mutual French/Greek. Also love to wear lingerie, heels. Let's have those secret manly pleasures we all desire and lust for. **BOBOPO**

(4/96) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 48, 5'-11", 170#, HIV negative, discreet, handsome, masculine, top. Brown hair, eyes. Many interests, retired. Seeks cultured gentleman with good human qualities, 40-62, for friendship, possible relationship. Clean-shaven, conservative looks preferred. Photo appreciated. All answered. **SOUTHERN EUROPEAN**

NORTH CAROLINA

(6/96) TAYLORSVILLE: GWM, 41, 6'-1", 190#, 6-1/2 cut, brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for older, 55-70, white, clean-shaven, gray, short. Stocky a plus. Enjoy cuddling, kissing, foreplay, oral, walking on the beach, mountains. Write or call Steve, 48 Creekside Dr., Taylorsville, NC 28681, (704) 495-4983.

NORTH DAKOTA

(6/96) FARGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, young 70, 5'-5", 185#, balding, body hair, masculine. Likes good conversation, good music, and travel. Seeks short, big-bellied men, 225#, age 45+, for friendship and sex. No drugs. I can travel and entertain. Your photo gets mine. Write to: Art J., P.O. Box 1476, Fargo, ND 58107

OHIO

(6/96) OHIO/NATIONWIDE: Easy-goin', sincere, stable and healthy 29 yo man, seeking masculine, affectionate older (late 40s to 50s) man; especially attracted to rugged, husky, men of Celtic descent. I'm 5'-10", 155#, and enjoy golf, sports, outdoors, movies, and music. Please respond with a photo and phone number to: **EAGLE**. Discretion is a must.

PENNSYLVANIA

(6/96) PITTSBURGH: GWM, 65, 5'-11", 227#, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks 50-65, preferably hairy, stocky, for friendship, maybe more. I enjoy hiking, cooking, sports, theatre, movies, music, traveling. Semi-retired. Prefer guy from Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, or West Virginia. Photo and phone get prompt reply. Write: **SUNDANCE KID**

SOUTH CAROLINA

(10/96) ANDERSON: OLDER/YOUNGER MAN: Me: GWM, 52, 6 ft., 275# bear, salt & pepper hair, beard, hairy, loving, paternal, commitment-ready, relationship-oriented. You: 30-40, hairy, mate-minded, independent, intelligent, considerate, loving. My interests: travel, outdoors, writing, quiet evenings, cuddling, showers together. Erik, P.O. Box 47, Anderson, SC 29622.

TEXAS

(6/96) SHERMAN: GWM, looking for an honest and sincere person for a good, honest relationship. I do not drink or smoke or use drugs. I'm 54 years old, with blue eyes and brown hair. Weight: 190#. HIV negative. Write to John Brewer, 719 S. Charles, Sherman, TX 75090. (903) 868-2448.

(4/96) HOUSTON: GWM, 46, 5'-9", 205#, HIV negative, muscular-built man, seeking older top-man possessing moral values. Must be aggressive, assertive, affectionate, and ready to settle down to a relationship. Your way, rightaway, anyway you like it. **BOBCAT**

(4/96) TEXAS TRI-STATE AREA: GWM, 38, 6'-2", 270#, brown/blue, masculine, hairy, 6" uncut. Interests include automobilia, gardening, movies, dining and sex. I am healthy, clean, discreet and safe. I don't drink, smoke or do drugs, although I am not opposed to light smoke or drink. Looking for gentleman, age 55 or older. Size, weight, looks not important, but prefer hairy, balding, uncut men. All options considered. Write MW, Box 271, Claude, TX 79019, or call (806) 226-3602.

(8/96) CENTRAL TEXAS: GWM, 42, 5'-11", 230#, brown/brown, cut 6", big low hangers, 'stache, beefy ex-football/weightlifter bottom. HIV negative. Seeking GWM (top), 40s - 60s. I have a lot of love to share with right person. R.A.H., 202 Camp Craft Road, Austin, TX 78746.

(8/96) WACO: Quiet, lonely white gentle Ben, 41, 5'-10", chubby, non-smoker, kind, considerate, naive, trusting, very affectionate and loving. Love to hung, kiss, cuddle, caress, fondle. Enjoy baking, crosswords, comedy. Cannot relocate or travel. Employed. Seeking relationship with white conservative type gentlemen, 55+. Prefer slender, slight hairy, medium small frame. Should expect constant fondling and hands everywhere. Write: Ray Shamblin, 388-A Richland Dr., Waco, TX 76710.

(4/96) SAN ANTONIO: GHM, 5'-8", 190#, 56 yo chubby daddy wants correspondence with heavy to super-heavy man, any age, older a plus. Me: funloving but quiet, masculine appearance, discreet. You: friendly and caring. Write: **ARIES**

(8/96) DALLAS/NATIONWIDE: ASIAN, 37, 5'-7", 140#, trim, smooth, athletic, healthy, nonsmoking, multilingual professional seeks 50-65, educated, cultured, honest, healthy, weight/height proportionate WM for monogamous long-term relationship. Enjoy music, reading, foreign films, learning languages, working out. Write: T.J.T., Box 551193, Dallas, TX 75355-1193.

UTAH

(10/96) WESTERN STATES/NATIONWIDE: 55, 6 ft., 190#, great shape, athletic, into weights, masculine, hairy chest, friendly, professional, wide interests, HIV negative, French A/P, affectionate, cuddly, etc. Seeks GWM masculine, hairy, HIV negative, safe, nice guy, average to large equipment, non-kinky. Age and looks not important. Sincerity and honesty are. Pluses are stocky (not too fat), facial hair, bald, extra hairy, into erotic massage, etc., happy and well adjusted. Write Dan Mack, P.O. Box 863, Salt Lake City, UT 84110.

WASHINGTON

(6/96) SEATTLE AREA MAN SEEKS YOUNGER PARTNER who is mature, strongly self-sufficient, likes himself, and is willing to make the effort that it takes to establish a long-term, monogamous relationship. I'm 59, 6'-1", 210#, masculine, caring, aggressive, affectionate, hairy and bearded. I have diverse interests, including travel, sailing, skiing, hiking, movies, the theater, history, the arts and home. Please be a man who can follow at times but lead at others. Can you relocate? Sam, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096

(4/96) SEATTLE AREA: Lost lover of 23 years last spring. Want to hold and be held. Very lonely GWM, 66, 5'-10", 195#, bald with white fringe, short beard & moustache. Enjoy cuddling, oral and foreplay. Like cooking, travel, scrabble. Seeking similar, 35-55, preferably hairy (not a must). Chad, P.O. Box 9832, Seattle, WA 98109.

(4/96) SEATTLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, happy, healthy, horny, hung, 62, 5'-10", 150#, masculine, trim, hairy, sense of humor, cut. Enjoy conversation, cuddling, good nutrition, reading, home life, TV, movies, videos, sex,

classic cars, pipe organ music, housekeeping, home maintenance and improvements. No addiction to alcohol, nicotine, caffeine, or drugs. Plan on relocating to San Diego. Seeks in-shape, clean-shaven, health-conscious, uncut gentleman to share life's pleasures. Send letter and photo to J.M., P.O. Box 75594, Seattle, WA 98125.

(8/96) PACIFIC NORTHWEST/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Black teddy bear, 64, 210#, 6 ft., seeks white teddy bear, 40+, for friendship, etc. Interests include traveling, classical music, theatre, museums, reading, safe sex, cuddling. In Europe most summers. Write: Jim, Box 249, Cheney, WA 99004.

(6/96) SEATTLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 6'-1", 215#, looking for chubby men (not obese) from 50-70, who are French a/p and Greek P and who enjoy making love before, during, and after sex. However, I am not looking for any long-term relationships. I am HIV negative and careful about having protected safe sex. Write: **EVERGREEN**

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: International letter rates have gone up. Please check with your postmaster. Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(4/96) INTERNATIONAL: GWM 6'2", 225#, 52 yrs old, HIV neg, financially independent, living in Spain, smoker, social drinker, would like to meet Ram-type 50+, husky, hairy, masculine, take-charge gentleman who has a good sense of humor. A tuxedo to him is the same as wearing blue jeans. He should be experienced in the international straight and gay social life, and if he has a twinkle in his eye, that will make it perfect. Please, if possible, send picture, which I will return, and letter to: **OSPREY**

(4/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lovely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(4/96) INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 56, 5'-8", 150#, hung, uncut, grey-green eyes, light brown hair, in good shape, attractive, healthy, HIV negative, masculine, versatile, honest, sincere, professional, stable, secure, economically independent. Likes travel, arts, reading, music, theatre, gym, nature, beaches, nudism, sense of humor, creativity. No D/S. Light drinking. Monogamous. Lives in permanent vacations between South America, Europe and USA, but open to any interesting proposal. Seeking attractive, GWM, HIV negative, cultured, educated, mature (white hair a plus), masculine, sense of humor, honest, in good shape, stable, secure, independent, healthy, for friendship and more, maybe lifemate, to care for, spoil him and enjoy good times together. Write: RMZ - C.C. 94 - SUC. 48 - 1448 BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.

(10/96) CANADA (AND USA): GWM, retired professional, tall, hairy, in-shape, good appearance, clean, well-hung, and uncut. I have many interests including sports. I seek 65 or under, masculine, who is likewise healthy, kind, honest, loyal, for a faithful, monogamous relationship. I am versatile, including great oral skills. Prefer nonsmoker, non- or light-drinker. Would enjoy warmer, dry climate. **NORTHERN BLUE JAY**

(4/96) ENGLAND: Couple, 73 and 48, seek international friends over 50 who would enjoy long-term visits to our country. Maybe permanent third man, shortish, stocky, sixtyish, clean-shaven, to enrich our present happy relationship. Write: Ray Hambley, 21 Hamilton Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, ENGLAND BH1 4EQ.

(6/96) CANADA (AND USA): GWM, 43, 6'-2", 290#, hairy bear, seeks 45+, "one good man" to settle down with. Stocky/chubby a plus. Prefer nonsmoker. I enjoy cuddling, kissing, music, books, sci-fi movies and cats. Photo in CR #66 - now single. Write with photo: **SCORPIO SQUIRE**

(4/96) BRITISH COLUMBIA/PACIFIC NORTHWEST: GWM, 70, 6 ft., 175#, discreet, healthy, nonsmoker, HIV negative, seeks 30-59 for friendship, possible relationship. Interests include travel, theatre, classic movies, music. Returnable photo appreciated. Write: **J.L.B.C.**

(4/96) CARDIFF, WALES, UNITED KINGDOM: GWM, 76, 6 feet, 190#. Write me if you are 40-55 and heavyset. Moustaches/beards welcome. I love traveling USA/Europe. Your photo gets prompt reply. Write: **J. FRED**

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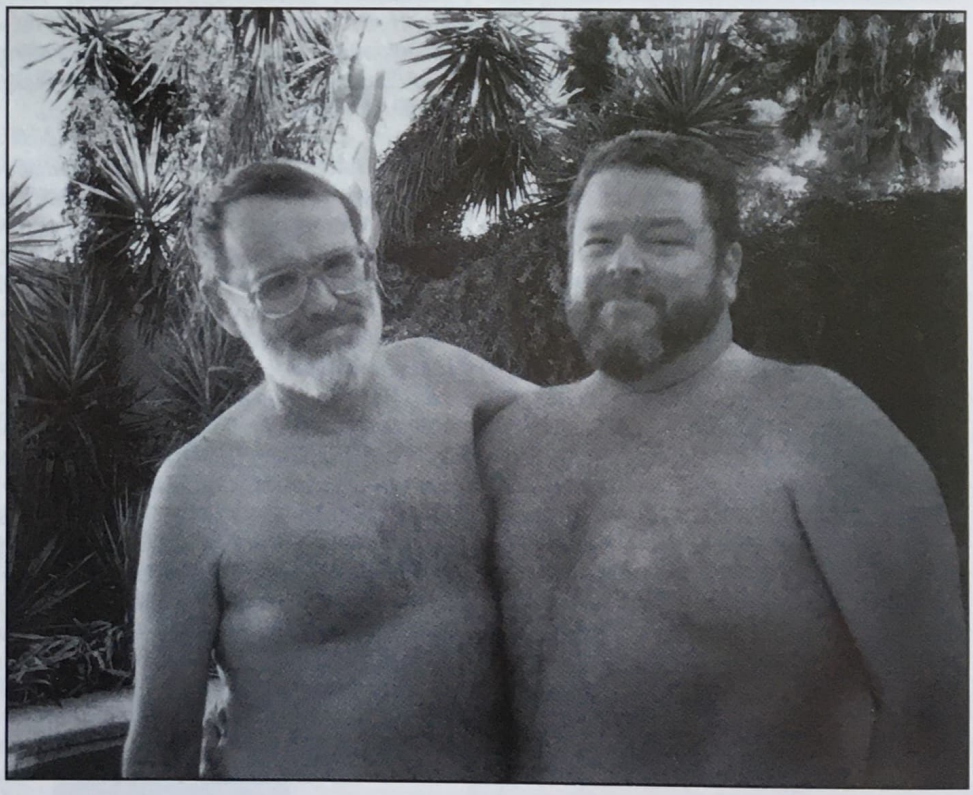


DELLAMARVELOUS

FICTION BY TECUMSEH

I met Neil on the dance floor. We were dancing Plus, the most boisterous, physically active level of gay square dancing: the one where there are lots of individual flourishes and high kicks added to the steps, and where a "do-si-do" becomes a froth of sexual contact.

Neil was dancing the girl's part; I danced boy. Each time we passed, he managed to make some form of body contact: a slide, a touch, a rump-against-rump. He had caught my eye because of his exceptional appearance-while the other dancers in the ballroom were in shorts and Ts or tanks, Neil was all in white, long sleeves and trousers, outdoing *Saturday Night Fever* in every way-and now he was teasing me mercilessly.

Gorgeous was not word enough to describe him: his skin olive, his eyes black coal. Tall; graceful; a smile of flashing white, even teeth; a soft, full black mustache hovering above sculpted lips. And the hair! Lustrous black waves, quite enough for two heads-his and mine-were carelessly massed and begging to have fingers run through.

It was 1991, Miami, the eighth annual International Gay Square Dancers convention at the Fontainebleau: 1,200 gay dancers. I knew it was Neil's first time at a convention because he was dressed all wrong for gay square dancing-but he was dressed very much all right for Neil. In response to his outrageous flirting, as he passed by, I told him, "You're trouble."

"Why trouble?" he laughed, twirling away.

"Guys who look like you can only mean trouble," I told him the next time I had him in my arms. "You're irresistible."

He liked that. His eyes dazzled. He slipped away from me into the next step. "So why resist?" he called behind him.

I held him close as we next swung together and said, "I have a lover, and, although he would understand my temptation, I don't think he'd approve."

"Oh, bad news," he said. "Sorry."

"Don't stop," I implored. "I'm bewitched. It's my problem, not yours." But he was out of my arms and circling in the opposite direction.

When the dance was over, he introduced himself-Neil Madison-a romance-novel name to go with his dramatic appearance. His skin glistened with light perspiration after the dance.

"It was fun flirting with you; you're very hot. But I want to find someone for me tonight. Perhaps we'll get to see each other later."

He said it so straightforwardly, I couldn't argue. He was right. I wished him luck. I looked after him as he walked away, my tongue unconsciously lapping my lips at the sight of so ripe and tasty a morsel. The music started again, squares began to form, and I was soon dancing with seven new people. All thoughts of Neil were banished: such is the magic of square dancing.

***

Neil stood on the staircase watching dancers wander into and out of the Plus hall. In a small group moving inside to dance, he noticed a deeply suntanned, rugged face that looked interesting. And that was why, when it was time to square up for the next tip, Louis Dellamarva found himself standing next to that vision in white, shirt front split to the navel, showing a splash of soft black down on an otherwise-smooth olive chest.

Odds were that Louis danced the boy's part; most men of interest to Neil danced boy-which was why Neil danced girl; he was no fool. Louis didn't say a thing; he just smiled and held out his hand. Neil stepped beside him and the dance began.

Neil sensed there was no need to flirt with this one; he was already intrigued. All Neil had to do was bide time, allow himself to be observed, and return very searching, deep gazes whenever Louis held him in his arms. But in those few moments, Neil's hunting instincts gratefully melted away under the calm influence of Louis's eyes, and predator willingly became prey.

"You're too pretty to be loose," Louis observed, after the tip ended.

"I'm not loose, but I am free."

"Then let's go to my room."

"Let's."

Louis and Neil floated from the ballroom in one of those magic moments when two people have eyes only for each other. Other dancers noticed, and probably envied, the darkly rugged older man leading the taller, exceptionally handsome youngster dressed in white from the floor. In Louis's room, they introduced themselves but went no further. Neither was very interested in what the other did for a living just then; their raging hormones had no voice. But Louis had something to say that had to be said up front. He faced Neil and spoke in a voice hushed with sex, the words very distinct.

"Before we go any further, you must know that I'm positive. I will never do anything to endanger you. If you trust me, I believe we can enjoy ourselves enormously. On the other hand, if what I've said frightens you, or you don't believe me, let's go back downstairs as though we'd never met."

Neil returned Louis's earnest gaze and knew they were no longer

strangers, nor could they be again. "I trust you," he said as he slipped the shirt from his shoulders. Louis took him in his arms and sealed his commitment with a passionate kiss.

They stayed wrapped in each other's arms that night. Louis delivered on the promise of his appearance. He was what Neil dreamed of finding; and this time he was not disappointed. Louis was a combination of gentle and hard in the right proportions. He was stimulated that night by Neil's body and needs as he had rarely been in his life. He handled Neil with care, and a love that grew by the moment. He couldn't get enough of him. The wastebasket filled with condoms as they made love, slept, showered, made love.

In mid-morning, Neil slipped from Louis's arms and went to his room to change clothes. He found he was famished by all the activity and joined some friends at an outdoor table for brunch.

***

I left the pool and looked for a place to sit. Neil waved me over and introduced me around.

"You're from the Baltimore club, aren't you?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Then you must know Louis."

"Louis Dellamarvelous? Of course. What's he up to?"

"That's not his name," Neil objected.

"No, but if you look like Louis, and you can keep up a reputation like he has, it's no wonder the name catches on."

"Agreed. Last night he exceeded his press, and I haven't even read his clippings yet. What can you tell me about him?"

Neil had turned from his friends who were gabbing away, and he and I were suddenly very much alone at the crowded table. It didn't take a wizard to see the stars in his beautiful eyes. He was smitten hard.

"He's good, kind, honest, caring, sexy, horny, rock-hard, and a lot of fun. What else would you like to know?"

Neil smiled. His lashes fluttered as he looked at his plate. "I know all that. And I know it's all true. I just can't believe it."

"Maybe you'd better fill me in?"

"I met Louis after I danced with you last night. I just left him sleeping in his room. I've never had such a wonderful first experience. He's just ..."

"Dellamarvelous?"

"Yes, I guess I see where the name comes from."

"And here he is."

We were all in bathing suits as Louis, who looked like he spent every waking minute in a gym even though he didn't, joined us. His bronzed physique sported zero body fat. Muscles he had never even tried to develop fought each other under his skin for the viewer's attention. His leg and arm muscles seemed to have corners, they were so hard. And the permanent five o'clock shadow on his chin looked studied, as though he worked to keep it that way. He put an arm around Neil's shoulders as he seated himself, and I saw the look that jumped between them. The stars in Neil's eyes were contagious.

Louis greeted me warmly, while letting me know my presence was probably required elsewhere.

"I think I saw your lover looking for you by the oyster bar," he told me with the friendliest of grins.

"I can break that code," I said, excusing myself. I was truly overjoyed for both of them. "Let me know how this works out, Louis, when we get back to Baltimore."

I didn't see either of them again for the rest of the weekend. I doubt anyone did.

I spoke frequently with Louis in the next few months. He was overjoyed with his new love, who was as unbelievably perfect as a lover could be. They had met again in Chicago. They had weekended in Las Vegas. They vacationed in Palm Springs. Each meeting was better than the last. Between visits, they made the phone companies rich with daily calls between Maryland and California. But neither could figure a way to make a life together, although they were working on it.

By the following year's convention in Albuquerque, my lover and I had graduated to the next level of dancing and saw very little of the Plus dancers, but I caught up with Neil and Louis at the "leather tip," a part of the evening where those enamored of cowhide get a chance to dance "in costume." My lover is not moved by the sight of slightly overweight men dressed in straps, studs, and leather jocks, trying to square dance; whereas I overlook such sights for the sake of those on whom leather looks good. So, I watched the leather tip alone.

Louis and Neil made it worthwhile. Louis was born to wear leather. The supple material molded easily to the hard cuts of his chest and arms. He appeared to burst from the leather and conquer it. Neil was in a skintight pair of black leather trousers, barechested except for a matching vest. His body had firmed under Louis's guidance, and the two made a more stunning couple than I remembered.

"You both look great."

"It's been a great year. Louis introduced me to leather and bought this outfit for me. Here, smell; doesn't that aroma turn you on?"

"And that's not all," Louis said. "My little chickadee is turning into a real leather man: whips, chains, you name it."

"It's wonderful when two people grow together," I commented wryly. "Louis, let's get together when we get back. We hardly see you anymore."

Months later, my lover and I had dinner with Louis at an open air restaurant in Baltimore's Little Italy. He had met us there to explain what his plans were concerning Neil and, because we seemed so interested, concerning us.

"Guys," Louis said over dinner, "it's this way: I'm positive and there's nothing to be done about that. It's a shame, but I came to grips with it long before meeting Neil."

"He minds?" I interrupted.

"No, he doesn't mind. We have the best safe sex you could want. And besides that, he's interested in leather, and he's an apt pupil. There's plenty to keep us busy. We never run out of ideas."

"So?"

"So I'm trapped here in Maryland by insurance. I've got a great job, a sympathetic employer, terrific health insurance-they pay for almost everything-but you lose coverage if you move outside their area. I've looked into changing insurance companies. Not a chance. No one will have me. I never expected they would."

"What about Neil? He's young. Can't he get a job here?"

"This conversation is taking place like Neil and I haven't been wracking our brains for the last six months, but continue interjecting questions; it gives me a chance to chew instead of talking non-stop.

"Neil works for a big auditing firm and he's on a very fast track. You'd be amazed to learn what he earns a year. And they do have other locations. He might be able to get to Chicago, but no closer; and when we talk about it, we realize he'd be giving up a very special position for just living closer. It's not worth it."

"Every step counts," my lover interjected.

"Guys, get this straight. I'm going to die. I know it; Neil knows it. And when I do, he'll be in Chicago, wishing he'd stayed on the West Coast, and it will all have been for a few years, at most, with me."

We looked at him and felt as though we had hit a brick wall. Neither my lover nor I had ever had to face something so totally final and out of our control.

"And this brings me to the hard part. We're breaking up. Hard as it is to do, my love for Neil forces me to think about his welfare. I want him to forget me while I'm still alive, so I don't leave him grieving."

"Isn't that Neil's decision?"

"We've been over it. He's agreed. It's not a one-way deal. I want someone here with me now, to live with me what time I've got left. I can't ask Neil to buy a one-way ticket on a downhill ride." Louis's voice broke. "I love him too much."

We waited for him to mop his eyes and regain his composure. Then he continued.

"Now, I don't know if you'll be able to understand, but this is our last contact, yours and mine. I'm going into the stretch, and changing the way I do business. I'm going to squeeze the life out of what's left to me. No more phone calls, no more Christmas cards, no more dinners out. It's not that I don't care about you or other people-you guys have been really good to me-it's that my priorities are rearranging themselves and, as I see it, I don't have a lot of time. So I'm going to do this in the only way it makes sense to me. At least this way, I won't have a lot of tears on my cot when I die."

We protested. Louis gave us one long look that seemed to prove he was right about everything he was saying.

"Get angry with me now, while I'm alive and you can deal with it. By the time I'm gone, it won't hurt ... so ... damned much."

Louis's voice stumbled through the last words. His eyes overflowed, and so did mine. Only my stable lover was sufficiently stoic. He understood well, but he isn't one to let his emotions get the best of him.

We didn't see Louis again. He didn't come back to square dancing; it didn't fit into his scheme. In mid-year we retired and moved to Texas.

We did see Neil in Seattle at the tenth convention. The flash had gone from his eyes, which seemed deeper, with more understanding. He appeared in good spirits, though perhaps a little wary of being reminded of Louis. He rarely heard from Louis anymore, but he knew Louis had taken a lover who was also positive. Saddened by the turn of events, he had clearly gained perspective about the wisdom of distancing himself from Louis while he was still alive, and could be thought of, and dealt with, in real terms.

A year later, the eleventh convention was in Washington, D.C. I was chatting to a leaner, more serious Neil in the lobby of the Omni-Sheraton about Louis, from whom Neil hadn't heard in almost a year. Neil had phoned when he arrived in Washington, hoping to see Louis over the weekend, but there was no answer.

As Neil and I parted, a Baltimore dancer greeted me and, in conversation, off-handedly remarked that Louis had died a week before. Involuntarily, I looked around for Neil, but he was no longer in the lobby. I worried how he would discover the news.

Past midnight, when the dancing was over, I found Neil in an alcove in the lobby, decked out in a black leather vest and leather trousers that fit him like a glove. I asked him if he had heard, and he said that's why he had put on the leather. We talked idly about Louis, as a way of consciously paying tribute to a fallen loved one. I ordered two glasses of champagne, and we clinked them to Louis. Then we lapsed into separate silences.

I looked at Neil and asked him if he'd like to go upstairs. He looked at me, divined my purpose, and got up. "Yes, I'd like that," he said.

We went to his room, and I stood there with my hands on his bare arms, wishing I could have been Louis for him. Then I pulled him close and bent his head to my shoulder, where he sobbed, first silently, and then more heavily.

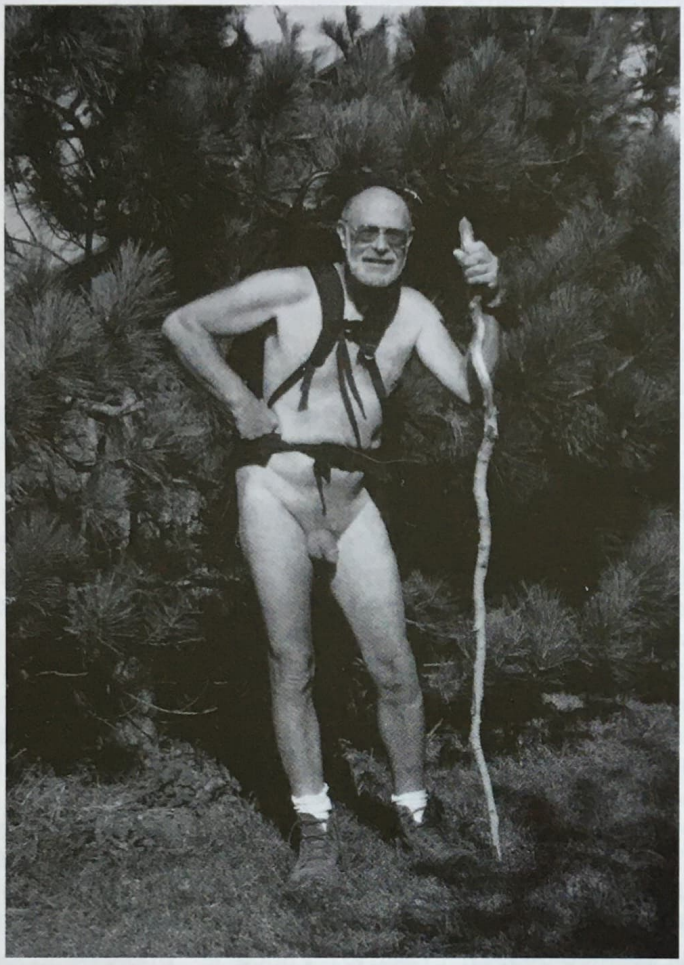
Fully clothed, we lay on the bed-this beautiful man and I-and I comforted him as I would my child. At last, when he had run out of tears, Neil nestled into my arms and slept.

TECUMSEH, 60, 5'10", and 195#, lives in San Antonio with his life partner, KOKOPELLI. He enjoys interesting men of all ages. He likes fitness, writing, nudism, and bread making. E-mail him at TecumxehTX@aol.com.

HEALTH TIP

At a party recently, one of the guests, a diabetic, reported that he'd gone to a hospital emergency room with obvious heart arrhythmia. The emergency room doctor determined that his blood sugar level was over 300. The doctor explained that a high blood sugar level can modify the consistency of blood to such an extent that the heart will experience clusters of arrhythmias, including PVCs (premature ventricular contractions), which can result in ventricular fibrillation and cardiac arrest. Three other guests related similar experiences with heart arrhythmias, all of which had been diagnosed as asymptomatic. Routine emergency room blood tests later revealed that each man had high blood sugar levels, BUT NOT ONE PATIENT WAS WARNED OF THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO. Please ... if you're diabetic, watch what you eat and drink. Too many sweets can be dangerous.

TRAVEL'N PARSON ***JERRY***



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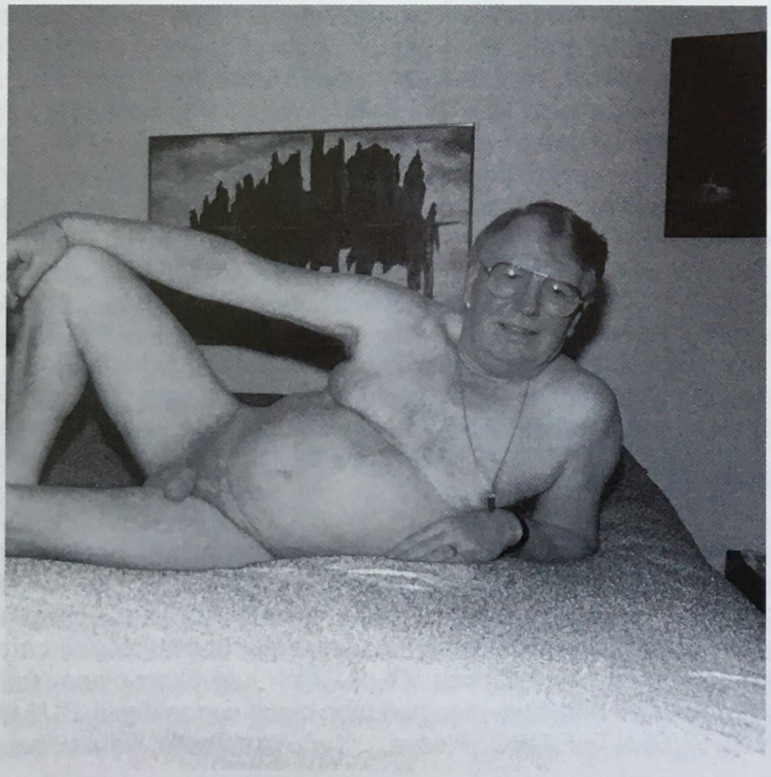

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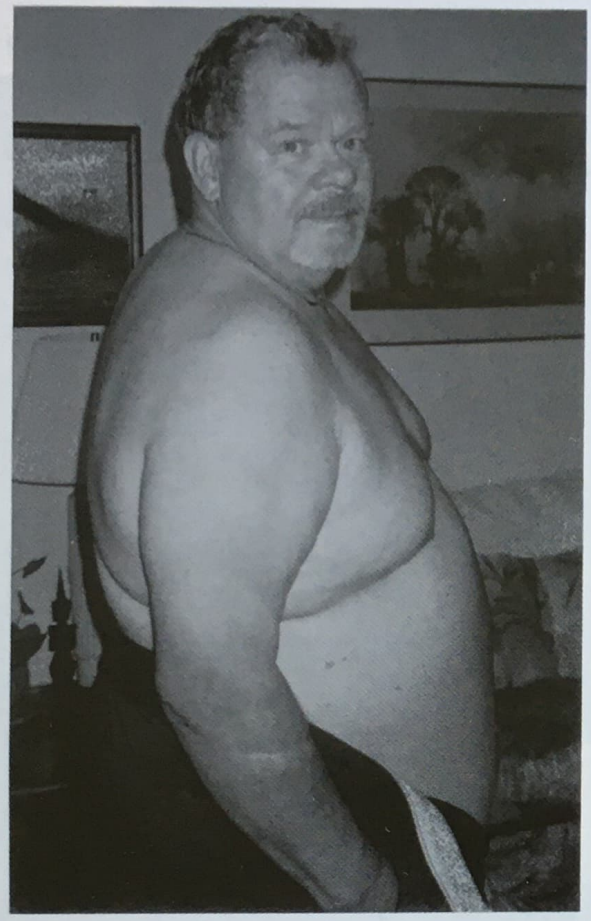

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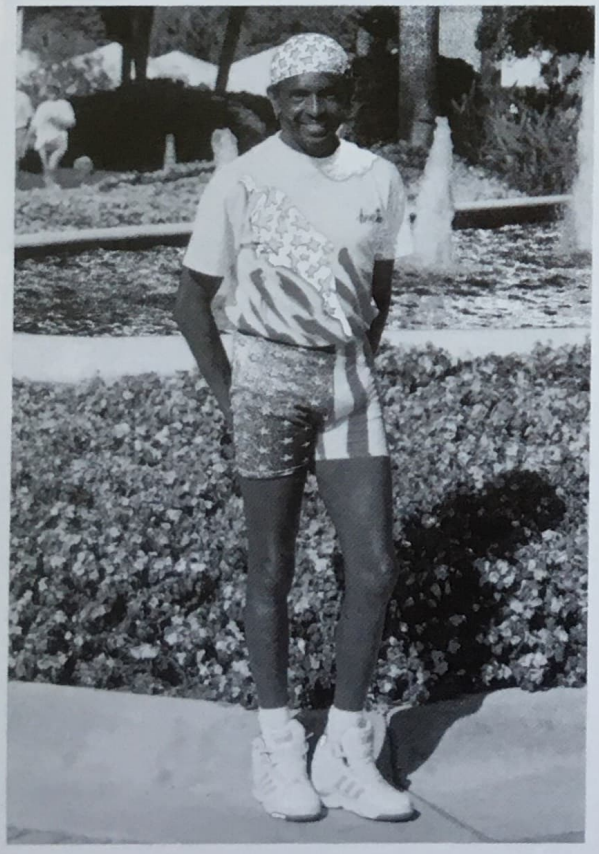

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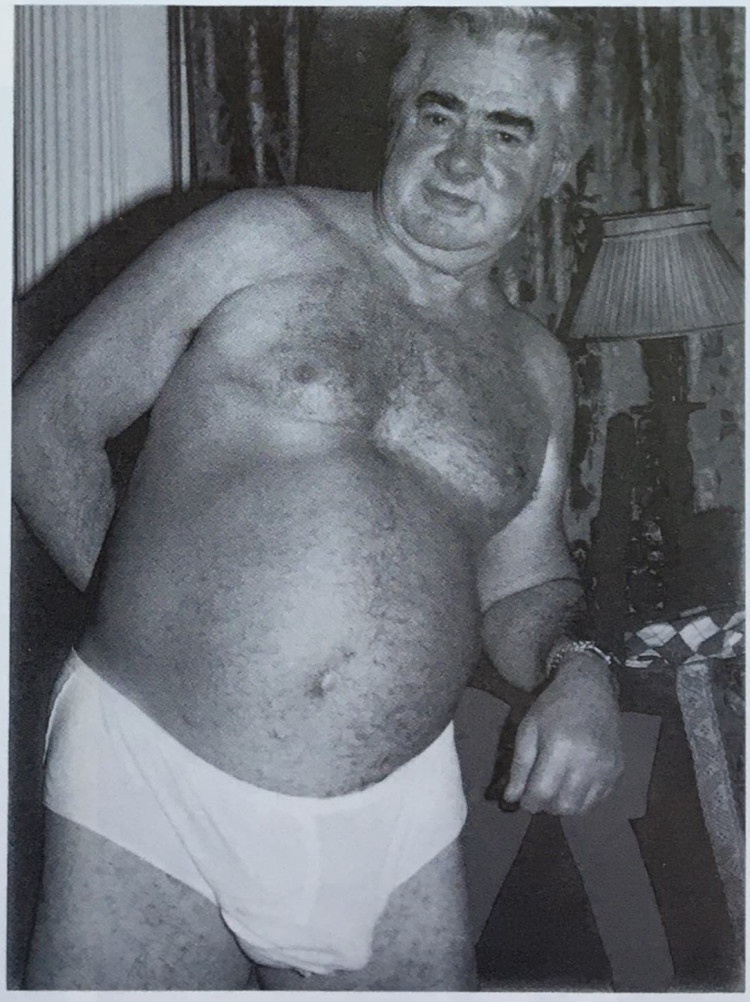

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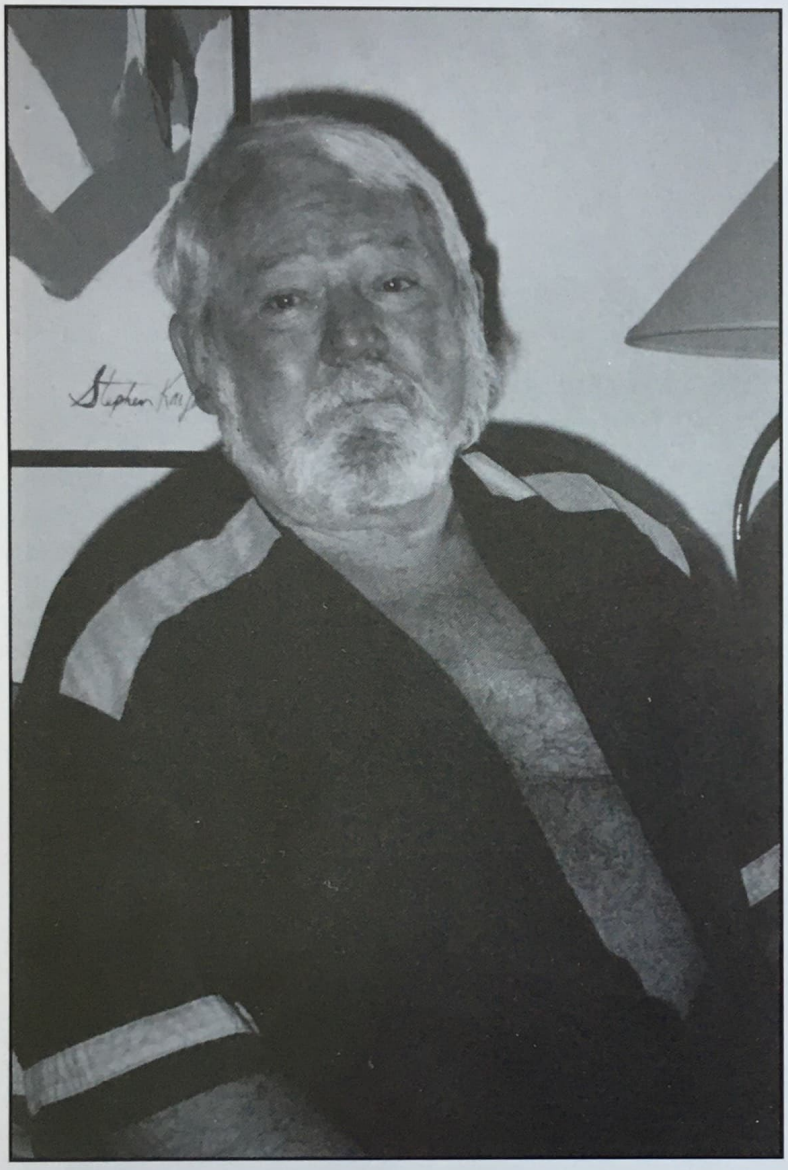
PETER PATROCLUS ***MICHAEL***



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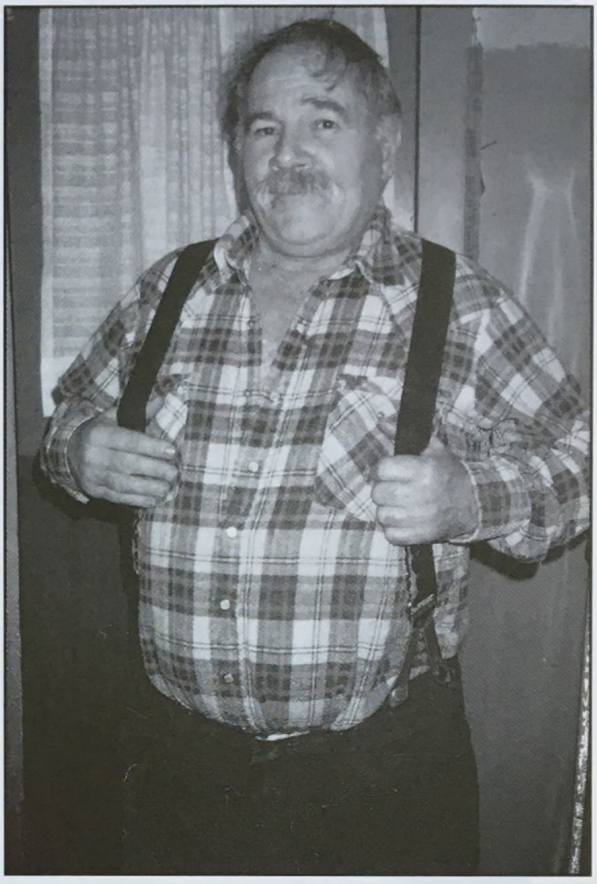

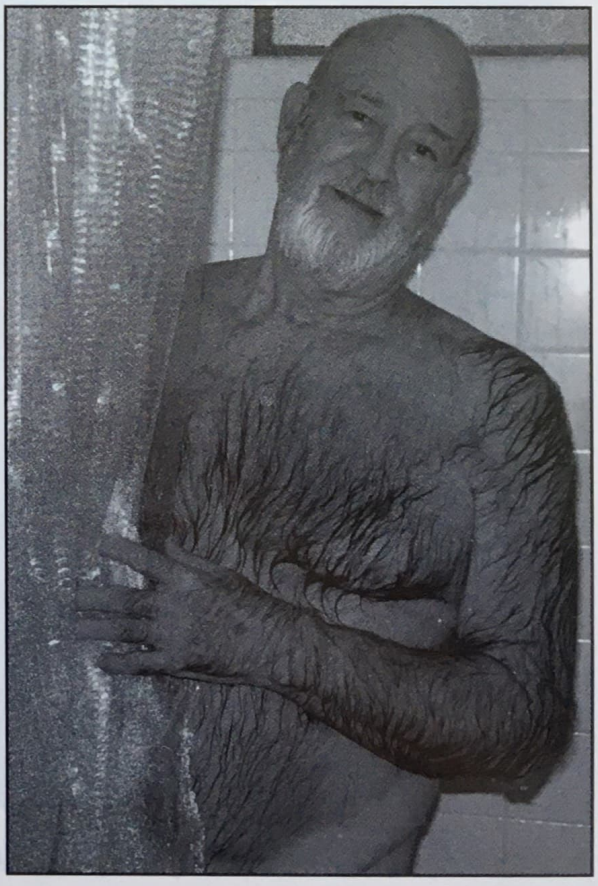

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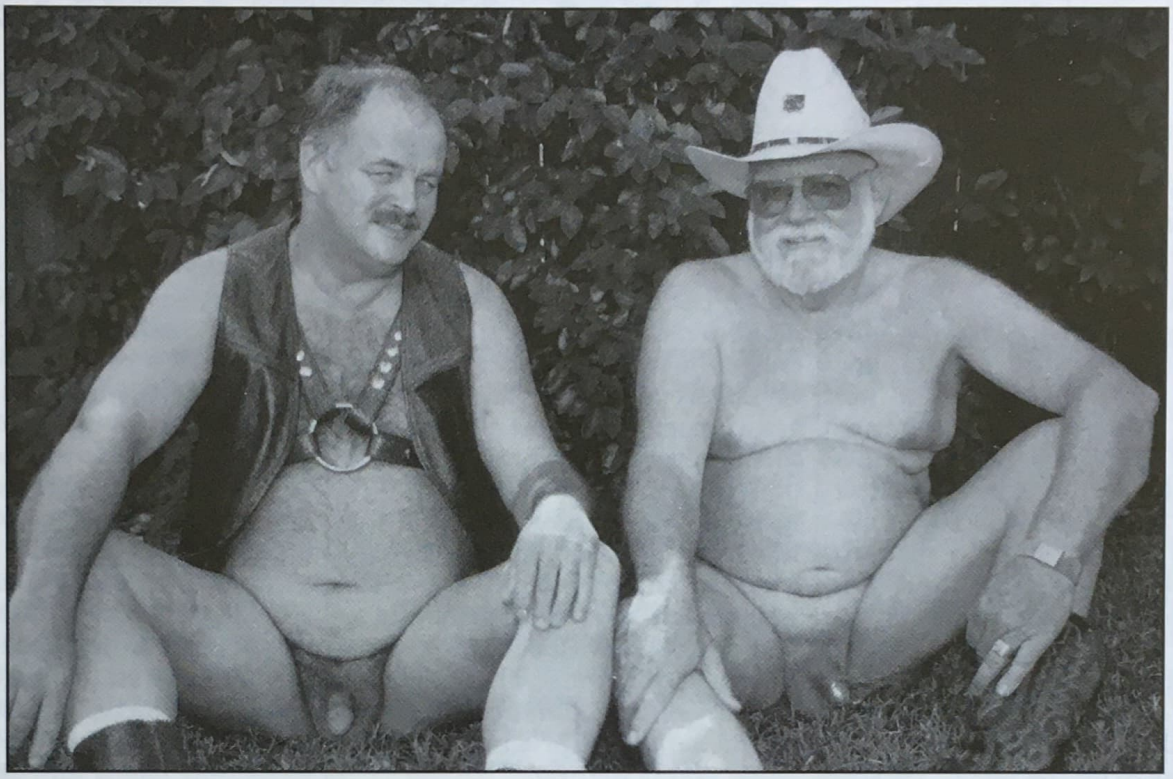
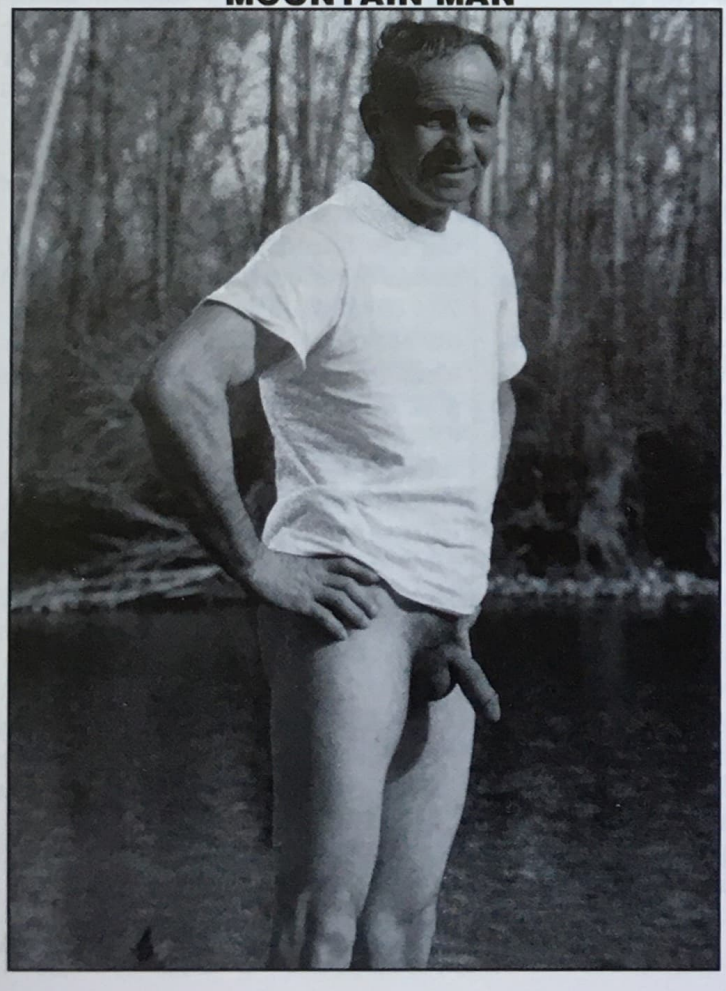


TEXAS ED AND J.R. OF TEXAS

MOUNTAIN MAN



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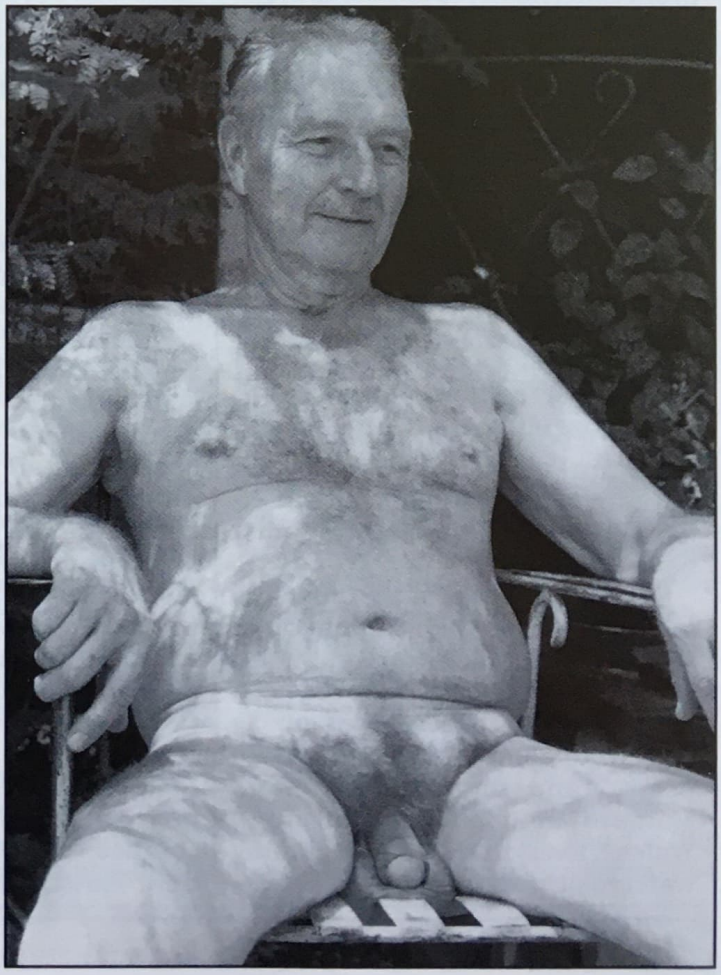

ELDERHOSTELS: WAY TO GO!

BY HOLLING THOMAS

Imagine a seven-night, 2100-mile voyage from Bellingham, Washington, to Skagway, Alaska, for $885, or a week amidst the fall foliage in Cooperstown, New York for $310! Both programs include meals, lodging and classes. The first is on an Alaska Marine Highways ship; the second is in a modern facility with indoor pool, sauna, tennis and golf available.

A few months ago, a CR reader wrote enthusiastically about his experience as an Elderhosteler and suggested an article letting other CR readers in on the secret. He was right to be enthusiastic; the examples above are but two of hundreds available through the nonprofit Elderhostel educational organization. Since 1975 when it was founded, the movement has grown to include nearly 2,000 institutions in every state and Canadian province and in forty-five foreign countries. About 250,000 people enroll in Elderhostel annually.

The light academic focus and modest accommodations don't appeal to some. Nevertheless, many in the CR family would find them not only fascinating and affordable, but an exciting way to learn and to make friends as well. The eligibility rules are simple: be over 55 and have an inquiring mind. Companions of age-eligible participants must be at least 50.

Subjects offered by the programs are as varied as the imagination of the sponsors, which are usually (but not always) schools or colleges. A recent catalog describes them as "Cicero to computers ... politics to poetry" and the locations "from Maine to Manitoba ... Wallongong to Wales." Everything from beginning watercolor through golf, backpacking and Shakespeare is offered. It's hard to think of a subject which isn't covered in some form or other.

Elderhostelers are students and are expected to attend classes, but there are no exams or grades, and the courses aren't for credit. There's no homework, either, except in the Intensive Studies Programs. The organization tries hard to match programs to those with disabilities. There are many special programs arranged for those using recreational vehicles, and there are some intergenerational programs that include grandchildren.

Most of the programs are for five or six days, but the international ones are usually two or three weeks. (Example: Three weeks in three different universities in Scotland, England and Wales for about $2600, departing from and returning to New York City!) Usually the charges include registration, accommodations, meals, five days of classes, and extracurricular activities. Most overseas program fees include air fare, with the cost affected by the gateway city chosen.

Elderhostel costs are very reasonable in comparison to other vacations or study trips. Even so, some cannot afford the experience, so hostelships are available in limited numbers for programs in the United States. Another way to reduce costs is to register for programs as a commuter. (Registrants must live within commuting distance, of course.) Availability of this option depends on the sponsoring organization. Commuters browse the catalog, then register directly rather than through Elderhostel. Occasionally, newspapers carry announcements of local courses, with registration information. This is especially common in senior pages or sections.

The enthusiastic responses of participants, relative low cost, and the chance to make friends should make Elderhostels of interest to a great many readers. It's easy to try them out, either by taking one near home, or by going as a commuter. Their catalogs can take hours to go through, but most readers will know the geographical or subject matter areas they're interested in. Programs are listed by state or province, and subjects are easily spotted. Registrants need to read the general information pages and carefully follow the registration instructions which are, to be truthful, a little more complicated than those for CR Gatherings. A $75 deposit is required, but it's refunded in full if the program is full. The most popular programs fill up fast, but there is a waiting-list system.

CR readers can get more information from the library editions of Elderhostel catalogs, or by contacting the foundation at Elderhostel, Inc., 75 Federal Street, Boston MA 02110-1941. Two videos are available for $5 each from that address, also. One is eight minutes and gives general information; the other, covering international offerings, is fifteen minutes long.

Elderhostels aren't for everyone, but many members of the CR family will find them ideal learning or service vacations. Certainly, it's well worth requesting the free catalog or looking at it in the local library.

HOLLING THOMAS, 65, a former health educator, is one of the "working retired." Married, he lives in the Northwest with his wife. He's experienced in most media and writes as a hobby during ferry commutes.

QUALITIES OF LOVE

essay

by PAPA BEAR

I had the privilege of conducting a workshop on relationships at the Orlando Gathering. In the discussion period many topics came to surface, but there was not time to adequately discuss all of them The topics covered, and the astute questions and answers from the assembly, were important for all of us.

It is impossible to cover here all of the issues brought up, but I have chosen two that surfaced several times in different questions. They are: 1) the different qualities of love in relationships, and 2) loneliness in open relationships. Believe it or not, these two topics can be closely related.

Once again I gear this article to open relationships, but present considerations are important to closed relationships as well. I did have the pleasure of meeting two gentlemen who had been together in a closed relationship for over forty years, and that was a truly meaningful experience. I wish I could have spent more time talking with them.

When two men are together in either an open or closed alliance, the emotional situations they experience have much in common. Love is the most complex, most exhilarating, most rewarding, and most frustrating of human emotions. Most of us have been in love at one time or another, but few of us take time to think about the different levels of the love we give and receive. We give and accept whatever comes our way without much thought about the quality of it.

Thinking and talking about the characteristics of love means dealing with emotions, and society has conditioned men not to do this. Remember your parent or teacher saying, "Big boys don't cry," or "Big men don't cry." Showing emotion has been equated with weakness or feminism and this was, and is, a mistake. Dealing with emotions is not a sign of weakness. We live our lives in a maze of moments and emotions. Not one moment should be wasted and not one emotion ignored. It takes courage to face the deepest aspects of our personalities.

There are three kinds of love we want to consider here. They are: convenient love, conditional love, and unconditional love.

One of the characteristics of a good relationship is that it is convenient for both partners. This can easily deteriorate into a partnership where everything is a matter of convenience, and we expose little of our real selves. We can be content living to meet appearances, or living to secure finances, or to provide each other with simple companionship; but what about the quality of love in our relationship? Convenience should be only a part of the total love association, just as sex should be only a part of a complete relationship.

Another kind of love is conditional love. "I will love you as long as you ... "I will always love you if ..." There are many ways we put stipulations on our partners. When we put conditions on love, we tell our partner that our love for him is not absolute. It is not total and complete. He must perform to our standards before he can bask in the sunlight of complete acceptance.

The tendency to make love conditional is natural for all of us. I am twenty-nine years older than Baby Bear, and look at life in a different manner. (Wasn't that tactful?) I can see things coming that he often does not and frequently find myself tempted to lay down conditions for him to follow. In other words: do what I say. Be a good boy or else ... When we do this, we are cheating a partner of his chance to learn and grow. The same principle applies no matter how large or small the age difference, and whether or not the relationship is open or closed.

It works in reverse as well. Each of us grows emotionally until the very last breath we take. Younger partners can also lay down conditions which slow the emotional growth of their older companions. All of us should look carefully at our important relationship and determine the degree of conditions we place on our partners.

The third kind, unconditional love, is a tough nut to crack.

Most of us experience unconditional love from our dogs. No matter how tired or cranky or stupid we are, we are loved unconditionally. However, a partner is not a dog. He is another man with the same needs and desires we have. We desire complete, unconditional love from him, and he probably wants the same from us. So ...

Humans express love through both words and actions. The only way to obtain the quality of love we desire is to express unconditional love in both utterance and deed. This is not an easy task. In fact, it is one of the most difficult challenges life offers us. This means no limiting conditions, no final judgements, and no destructive criticism. It means complete acceptance of a partner, his words, his actions, his appearance ... or whatever. The magic word here is COMMUNICATION.

The greatest of all faults is to imagine that we ourselves have none. It takes a big person to refrain from small remarks. Once in a while we should take a few minutes to evaluate the quality of the love we experience in our relationship. How often do we lay down conditions? How often do we submerge our personal desires and opinions in favor of those of our partner? The more we give to any relationship, the more we get back. I wish I could explain how difficult this is for us to do, and why we have to work so hard at it, but I can't. I don't know all the answers either.

Expressing unconditional love does not mean being a rug for someone to walk over. It means standing up for our convictions, as well as being considerate of the opinions of our partners.

This sounds difficult, and it is. But the reward of giving unconditional love

is greater than receiving it. The more you give it, the more you will receive. Ask any couple who has been together for many years. The quality of love is not finite. It expands as we grow in our beliefs and practices. One has to experience this feeling to completely understand it. But we can learn as we go along, and that is what is important.

Actually, we each are comprised of two men: the one we show the world, and the man deep inside, the one we allow no one to see. The inner man is the one who masters and controls the quality of the love we give each other, and thus: the love we receive as well. When one is out of touch with oneself, one cannot touch others.

At the beginning of this article, I said loneliness was related to the quality of the love we experience. In the question and answer period, I was asked by one man how he should deal with loneliness when his partner was with someone else. Another fellow in a three-way relationship asked about dealing with his loneliness. At that time I did not know how to answer those questions because I had never dealt with my own loneliness.

Since then I have thought about this and discovered some answers that helped me to deal with this aspect of open relationships. Unconditional love is difficult to come by in any relationship, and in open and three-way relationships it is extremely difficult, but it is done all the time.

One of the great things about the CR family is having so many real friends. A friend solved my dilemma, and his solution may help readers who deal with this problem. His conclusion sounded simplistic, but it works. He said, "Loneliness can be a gift of love we give to our partners."

We are lonely because we are afraid of the possibility of loss. We are lonely because it hurts to see the person we love with someone else. We are lonely because we feel we must somehow compete with someone we don't even know, or someone who is not a basic part of our lives. We are lonely because we are alone. Realize ... this is what we have chosen.

Forget about competing. You can't do it. Forget about being angry or jealous of the other man. Anger only hurts those who carry it. Forget about feeling sorry for yourself. It is not enough only to endure feelings of emptiness, self-pity and pain. There is more to life than that.

Experiencing loneliness can be a part of giving unconditional love. I tried his solution, and it worked. When I feel lonely, I try to think of it as the gift I give the man I love above all else, not the hurt I feel. The object is to change something negative into something positive.

There are other ways to deal with loneliness in a constructive manner. Keep busy. Find things to do. I'm lucky in that I have my writing and my flowers and my sweet dog, Annie. All this occupies time. Remember the old saying, "Busy hands are happy hands." The object here is to be too busy to be lonely. You can brainwash yourself into doing this, by using simple self-discipline. Then the time you spend with your partner will take on even more meaning.

These are just words, and every man has to work this out for himself. Real love is the most rewarding of life's experiences, but it also contains the most pain. It has been said the amount of pleasure received from life is directly related to the amount of pain we experience. We cannot know one without the other.

We need to think about the quality of love in our lives and relationships. We need to be aware both of our emotions and the caliber of love in our lives. Is love convenient, conditional, or unconditional? If we are not satisfied, it is never too late to do something about it.

It's never too late to take a long range look at our important relationships and work toward a more gratifying tomorrow.

PAPA BEAR is so very much to us. He's a contributing writer and a Gathering workshop speaker. He was responsible for the concept of having gatherings and hosted the first and second ones. He's been inducted into the CR Hall of Fame and is one of the most popular models of all time. He lives near the Russian River in northern California with mate BABY BEAR.

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IN PREPARATION FOR OUR REGIONAL ASSEMBLY IN INDIANAPOLIS, WE'RE TAKING

A CLOSER LOOK AT INDIANA

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NW INDIANA/CHICAGO AREA: GWM, 40, 5'-9", reddish/thinning hair, moustache, HIV negative, seeking GWM, 50+, for relationship. Write: Pat Collins, P.O. Box 986, Hammond, IN 46320.

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WATCH OUT, INDIANA, HERE WE COME!

(FOR MORE INFORMATION, WRITE TO CR AT P.O. BOX 2589, VICTORVILLE, CA 92393, AFTER 4/15/96)

BOOKS WITH GENE WAGNER

PURA VIDA: A Gay and Lesbian Guide to Costa Rica, by Joseph Itiel
1993, Orchid Press

Any gay or lesbian contemplating a trip to Costa Rica would be well-advised to read *Pura Vida*, a journal of the author's experiences within the capital, San Jose, and surrounding areas while accompanied by Erick, his Costa Rican guide, companion and lover. The final chapter is written by Nancy Del Pizzo, who gives a lesbian's view of the country as seen by herself and her partner.

A tropical country, Costa Rica is a constitutional democracy, not a banana republic. Under its constitution, it his allowed no army. It does have compulsory education and universal medical insurance, and it treats its citizens with respect. Its northern border is shared with Nicaragua and its southern with Panama. To the east is the Caribbean and to the west, the Pacific laps its shores. Both Itiel and Del Pizzo found the citizens, called *Ticos*, to be polite and America-friendly.

Unlike other Central American countries, the Costa Rican government is not brutal toward gays. Itiel feels that there is little overt discrimination against gays. However, he relates, gays often experience job discrimination, do not have family acceptance and are targets of religious discrimination. The principal religion is Catholicism, which pointedly violates its own religious tenets by its treatment of gays. Knowledge of one's gayness may prevent one from getting work, but once employed, unless he is obviously effeminate, a man is unlikely to lose his job.

Just as in the United States, police hostility is a given. Nevertheless, visitors won't be affected if they are circumspect and behave properly. A potential danger is that since most citizens are very poor, it may be risky to walk about at night in some areas of the city.

Gay *gringo* expatriates to Costa Rica usually find lovers easily no matter the *gringo's* age. The older gay retiree, in fact, has an excellent chance of finding a younger lover where the age of consent is seventeen years. However, many younger gays say they are seventeen when, in fact, they are three to five years younger. Ignoring this situation could precipitate serious legal problems.

Another advantage for expatriates is that living expenses are less there than back home. Unfortunately, most expatriates don't bother to learn the country's language, Spanish, or to cultivate friendships with many Ticos, thereby somewhat isolating themselves.

In Chapter 14, "Observations on Latino Gay Sexuality," Itiel gives a penetrating look at gay/straight sexuality as perceived by Latinos. It is not the same as views held by *Norteamericanos* and should be required reading by any gay male headed south of the border. To Latinos, having male-to-male sex does not mean one is homosexual. For example, to be passive is okay, even if with a transvestite who is active, because the passive male has taken a male dressed as a woman. Most males see sex as sex and not necessarily as gay, straight or bi. The chapter is filled with personal tips. For example, not shaking hands is considered to be a snub.

Following Itiel's last chapter is a useful section about bars, cruising, local customs and gay-friendly hotels.

Del Pizzo's chapter provides a listing of places of interest to lesbians, including gay and gay-friendly bars, discos, hotels and tour companies both local and in the U.S. She too gives Costa Rica a high rating as a place to visit or to live.

She does observe that "Latin time" is elastic, and punctuality is not a virtue. Ticos work fifty-two hours a week, and in 1992 the per capita income was $1,900. Many Tica straight women get AIDS because of their husband's sexual escapades. A lesbian and gay movement was spurred by a police raid in the late 80's on the La Torre/Tonight Bar. To accommodate the culture, many "gay" women have boyfriends.

Sexual violence and child abuse are common, according to information given to Del Pizzo by Dr. Ivonne Gomez, pediatrician and feminist leader. Del Pizzo also describes male behavior towards women, including an explanation of the hissing Latino men use to signal women.

This book is entertaining, informative and useful even if you don't plan to visit the country. It's easy reading and enjoyable and has my recommendation.

GENE WAGNER is a special friend and long-time supporter. He's also an extensively initiated and ordained Buddhist priest and founder of the American Buddhist Order. From 1972 to 1980, he was a nurse who chose to work with critically and terminally ill patients and their families. He was editor and publisher of The Bamboo Basket, a national Buddhist magazine. He and his partner, RON, live in Long Beach, California.

FINAL CHANCE FOR THE SIXTH ANNUAL CR SPRING GATHERING IN SAN DIEGO! MAY 24-27 , 1996

THE HOST HOTEL

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HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling the Atlas Hotel chain toll-free number, (800) 77-ATLAS (772-8527). Tell the operator that you would like to make hotel reservations for the Chiron Rising Spring '96 Gathering at the Town & Country in San Diego. Foreign: call the Town & Country direct at (619) 291-7131. A prepayment of one night's deposit (by check, money order or major credit card) is required and is fully refundable if a written cancellation notice is received by the hotel more than 48 hours prior to arrival time.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEE

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The full registration package, including Friday and Saturday night dinner shows; Sunday night Awards Banquet; all cocktail parties; and entry into all hospitality venues, art exhibit, recital series, workshops, cabaret, and the Le Pavillon Lounge (Karaoke and dancing)

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$ 75 per person

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/30/96. All registrations received with a postmark after that date will be returned.

Day Passes

A limited number of day passes will be available for sale on May 24th and 25th at the CR office inside the Santa Fe Room, adjacent to the Mission Ballroom foyer.

The Day Pass, including everything in the The "B" Package, except for one day and evening only. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $30 per person

Sorry, no per-event passes available.

Cancellations made before 4/30/96 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $20. No refunds will be available after 4/30/96. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

FUNCTION REGISTRATION AND CONFIRMATION

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited. Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on page 54. Those attendees purchasing day passes will also be required to complete and sign a registration form.

THE NO-HOST EVENTS

All cocktail parties and some hospitality venues will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages (except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals). We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment. CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties and receptions.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

See latest schedule on page12.

See you there!

(Please do not cut out. Make as many copies as you need.)

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.

REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT FOR THE SIXTH ANNUAL CR SPRING GATHERING MAY 24-27, 1996, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA TOWN & COUNTRY HOTEL & CONVENTION CENTER

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APPAREL:	
CAP WITH CR LOGO	8.00 EA
T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO (Circle size - L, XL, XXL, XXXL)	17.00 EA

ADD SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (all items mailed separately)

UPS - Continental U.S.	5.00 per item
Priority Mail - HI, AK, PR; First Class Canada, Mexico, Cen/So America	5.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Europe	8.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	10.00 per item
Sales Tax for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price	

(* VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia. VHS-SECAM is not available.)

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash (U.S.$,DM, £, ¥, C$, A$) at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____

COUNTRY: _____

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on _____

Signature: _____

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #74(JUNE 96), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN APRIL 15, 1996.

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legitably PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,
PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ----------59------

59 words @ 30 ¢ = $ 17.70 X 3 Issues = $53.10
Telephone confirmation 5.00

Total Enclosed $58.10

My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

IN CLOSING

The afternoon of June 20, 1985, while sitting inside my apartment in an eastern suburb of Los Angeles, I began to feel a little more depressed than usual. I was 45 and in a career that was fading swiftly. I was a heavy drinker trying to escape a quagmire of chronic loneliness going back 25 years. The phone rang. It was a friend of someone I'd written through Holiday Bulletin. I reluctantly agreed to a blind date, something I thought I'd never do, but it turned out to be the most critical meeting of my life.

Before the end of 1995, Bruce and I had bonded for life, rented a house in Long Beach, and planned a little home business for me in case of another layoff. Bruce decided that since I was a frustrated writer, we should found a newsletter that would soothe my frustrations and bring in a little cash as well. With no credentials, training, money, sponsors or coaches, we launched *SWAN* in April of 1986.

The market we tapped was so ready to blossom that even our painfully amateurish attempt was met with great enthusiasm. We grew steadily, and other alternative magazines began to surface, each created by some *SWAN* subscriber with a dream and a lot of balls. Both *SWAN* (with help from *Holiday Bulletin*) and *BEAR* pioneered entire movements; *BULK MALE* became the international voice for a movement started by the Girth & Mirth clubs (Affiliated Bigmen Clubs). Suddenly mainstream gay and lesbian newsmagazines were publishing stories about Bigmen, Bears and Maturemen. The rosters for existing social and support organizations swelled; new organizations were formed and began world-wide recruiting.

Much has changed for the good during the past ten years, and more positive changes are due, the Religious Right's efforts notwithstanding. We feel that *CR* is on firm legal ground, and perhaps in the near future *CR Classics* will also enjoy the same footing. For now, *CRC* must constantly survey the location of that fine line and stay on the legal side of it.

So what is the state of CRPI today, and what's in store for the future?

Our products are the best they've ever been, but our service has slipped considerably. We find it much more difficult to keep up with the ever-mounting requests for information, back issue orders, photo submittals and general correspondence. Recent mention of CR in The *Advocate* and *Genre* have produced hundreds of inquiries and new subscribers, yet relentless price increases for postage, freight and paper have eaten up our clerical manpower budget. Consequently, incoming mail is processed by triage, and the guy who wants an answer to his days-old inquiry about writing to models gets placed in a low priority.

Recent hire, Allan Lucas (aka SONSHINE), will no doubt help us to catch up and temporarily return to the usual turnarounds, but he wasn't hired to do clerical work. He was brought aboard to help us reach our potential by enabling us to utilize our equipment to the maximum. He'll help us generate better products and services to finance the required increase in manpower. He'll help us grow so that we can reach those thousands upon thousands of men out there who've yet to hear of us.

We're a grizzled bunch here, having survived an unbelievable barrage of obstacles and setbacks over the years. Although the magazine allows us to live comfortably, the separate work environment is not healthy for the inflexible or overly sensitive. The workload is relentless, the hours: endless, the ambiance: chaos, the rule: *product excellence.* No gathering around the coffee pot here to shoot the shit. My standing offer has always been a generous bite of the banana in return for simple excellence, gold-plated with absolute loyalty, honesty, balls and assertiveness.

We're here, tall and unbowed, and just as obsessed as ever. We're battle-hardened and ridiculously independent. Freshly infused with young blood, we go before our stockholders in May and prepare for the next generation.

Yes, Mr. Jones, there will always be a CR.

Love, Pat and Bruce

ABOVE PHOTO BY MAINE JIM

JUST AS I AM SELF-PORTRAIT

OIL ON CANVAS, 72" X 40", 1996

THE DARKS AND LIGHTS REPRESENT GOOD AND EVIL. NUDITY REPRESENTS THE SPIRIT THAT GOES NAKED BEFORE GOD. THE HALO REPRESENTS THE TUNNEL OF LIGHT AFTER DEATH. THE CROSS REPRESENTS THE HOPE OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE WEIGHT PLACED ON THE INDIVIDUAL BY THE SELF-APPOINTED MESSENGERS OF GOD. NONCHRISTIANS SHOULD SUBSTITUTE THEIR OWN RELIGIOUS SYMBOL AND THEMSELVES FOR THE NUDE IN THE PAINTING. THE PAINTING IS BIOGRAPHICAL AND IS NOT MEANT TO AFFIRM OR ATTACK ANY RELIGION.

DICK COLLINS

NUDES
PORTRAITS
LANDSCAPES

PLEASE CALL FOR APPOINTMENT
818 · 964-8121
HOME · STUDIO · GALLERY

30 MINUTES EAST OF LOS ANGELES
BETWEEN THE 10 AND 60 FREEWAYS

RANGER AL

BEARCUB